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SECOND ISSUE OF THE ALL-NEW...

# TALES FROM THE CRYPT

BASED ON THE CLASSIC EC COMICS SERIES.



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TEROR



PAPERCUT Z

NO. 2

ALL-NEW!

# TALES



\$3.95

\$4.95 CAN

## FROM THE

# CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



\$3.95US \$4.95CAN



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# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

WELCOME TO MY "OPEN CRYPT,"  
BOILS AND GHOULS! SINCE SHIPPING  
OUT THE OLD WITCH AND THE VAULT-  
KEEPER I'VE BEEN LOOKING TO RENT  
OUT MY TOMB-WITH-A-VIEW!

MY ONLINE POST ON CRAZED'S LIST HAS  
GOTTEN TERRIFIC RESULTS! JUST LOOK AT  
ALL THESE APPLICANTS DYING TO RENT  
SPACE IN MY COZY CRYPT!

REMINDS ME OF A  
TALE I CALL...

*The*  
**TENANT**





NUMBER 613 IGER AVENUE HAS SEEN BETTER DAYS.

THROUGH GRIMY WINDOWS, ITS TENANTS WATCH SNOWFLAKES COVER THE STREETS WITH A FINE, WHITE COAT, KNOWING THAT THE SNOW HERALDS A COLD THAT WON'T BE HELD BACK BY SHODDY INSULATION AND IRREGULAR BLASTS OF HEAT.

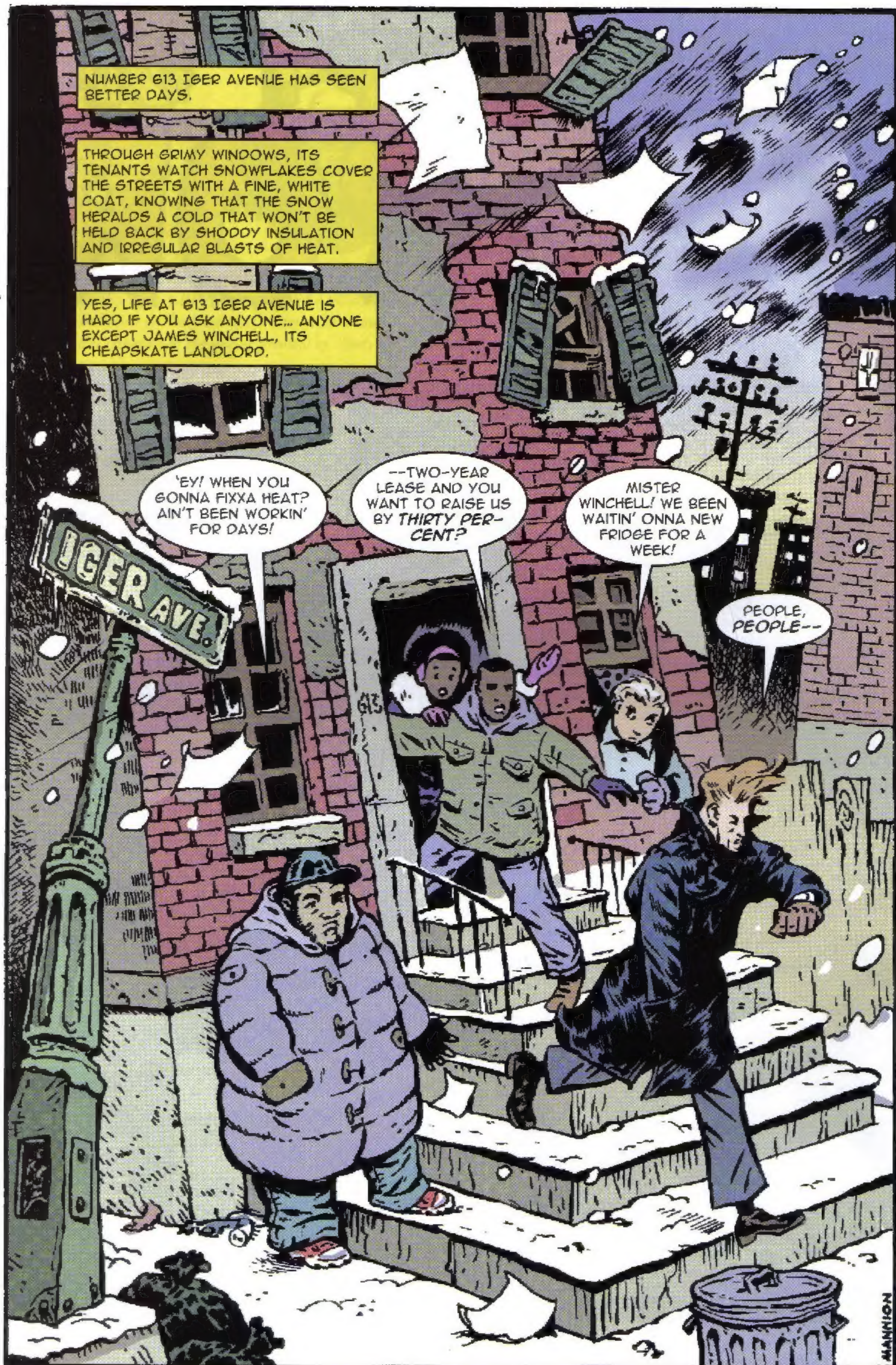
YES, LIFE AT 613 IGER AVENUE IS HARD IF YOU ASK ANYONE... ANYONE EXCEPT JAMES WINCHELL, ITS CHEAPSKATE LANDLORD.

'EY! WHEN YOU GONNA FIXXA HEAT? AIN'T BEEN WORKIN' FOR DAYS!

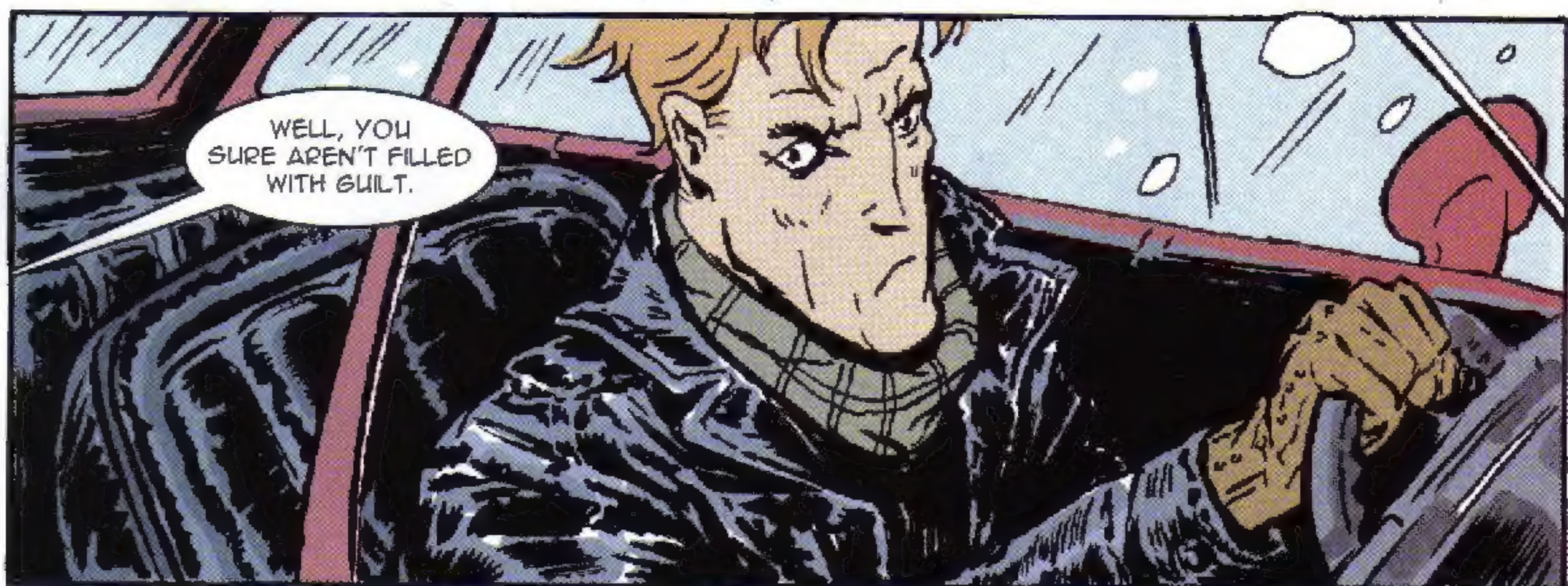
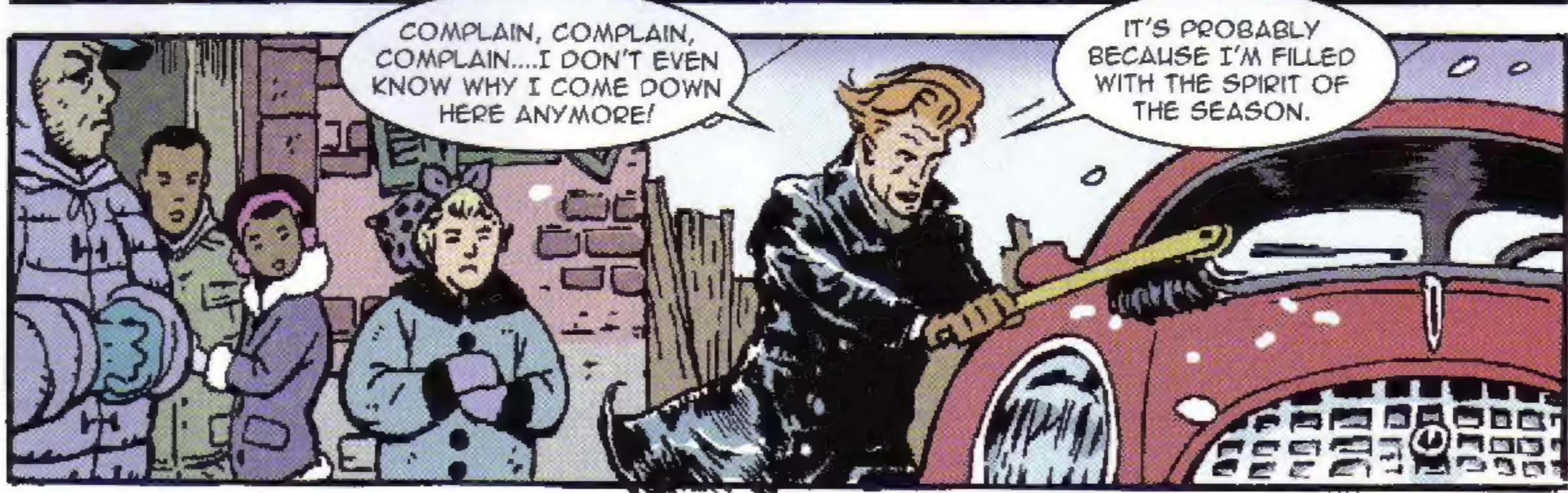
--TWO-YEAR LEASE AND YOU WANT TO RAISE US BY THIRTY PER-CENT?

MISTER WINCHELL! WE BEEN WAITIN' ONNA NEW FRIDGE FOR A WEEK!

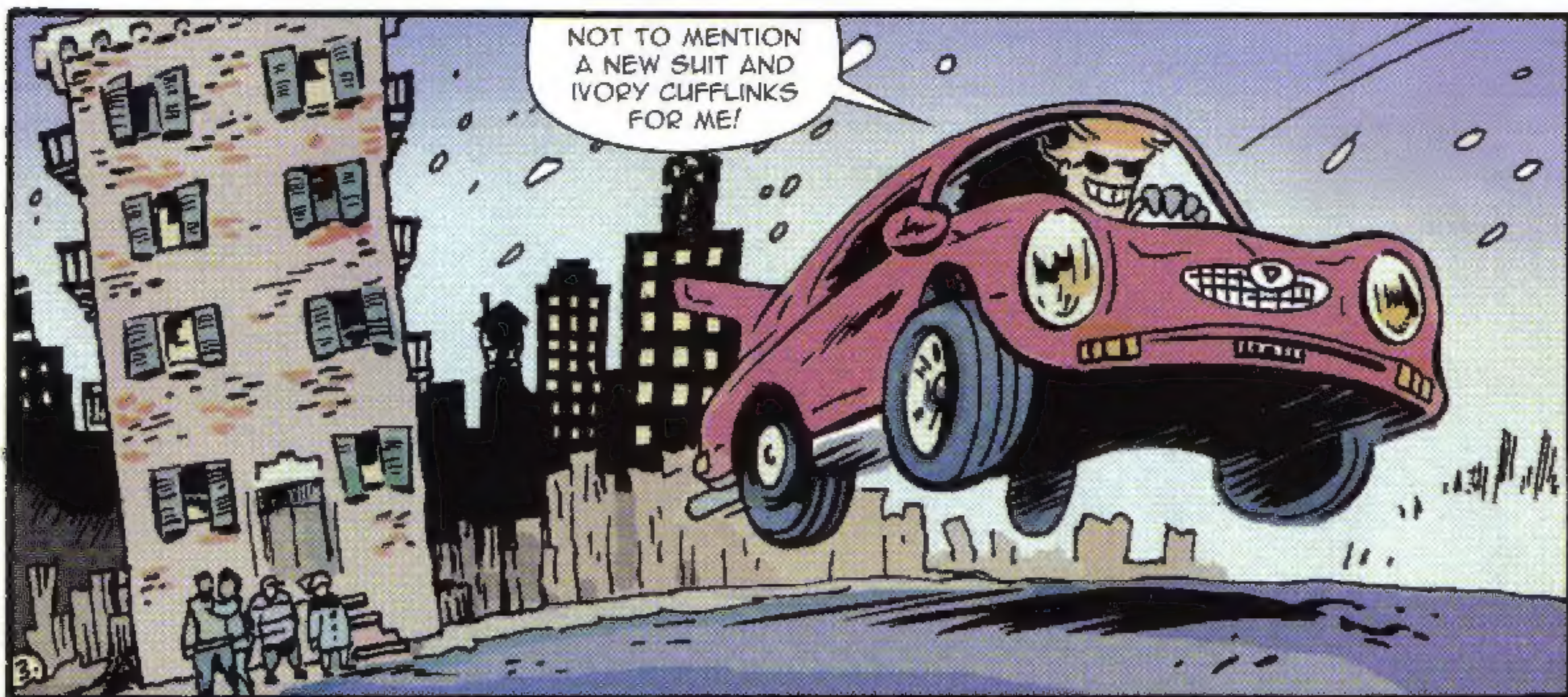
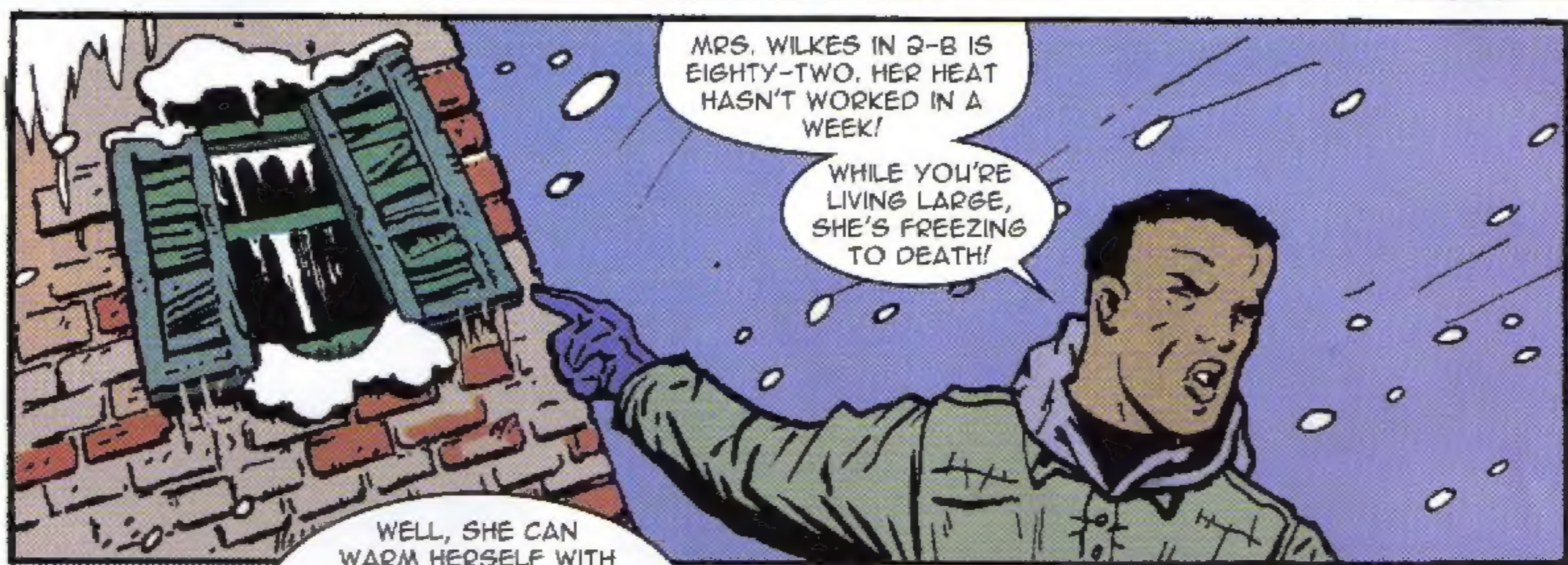
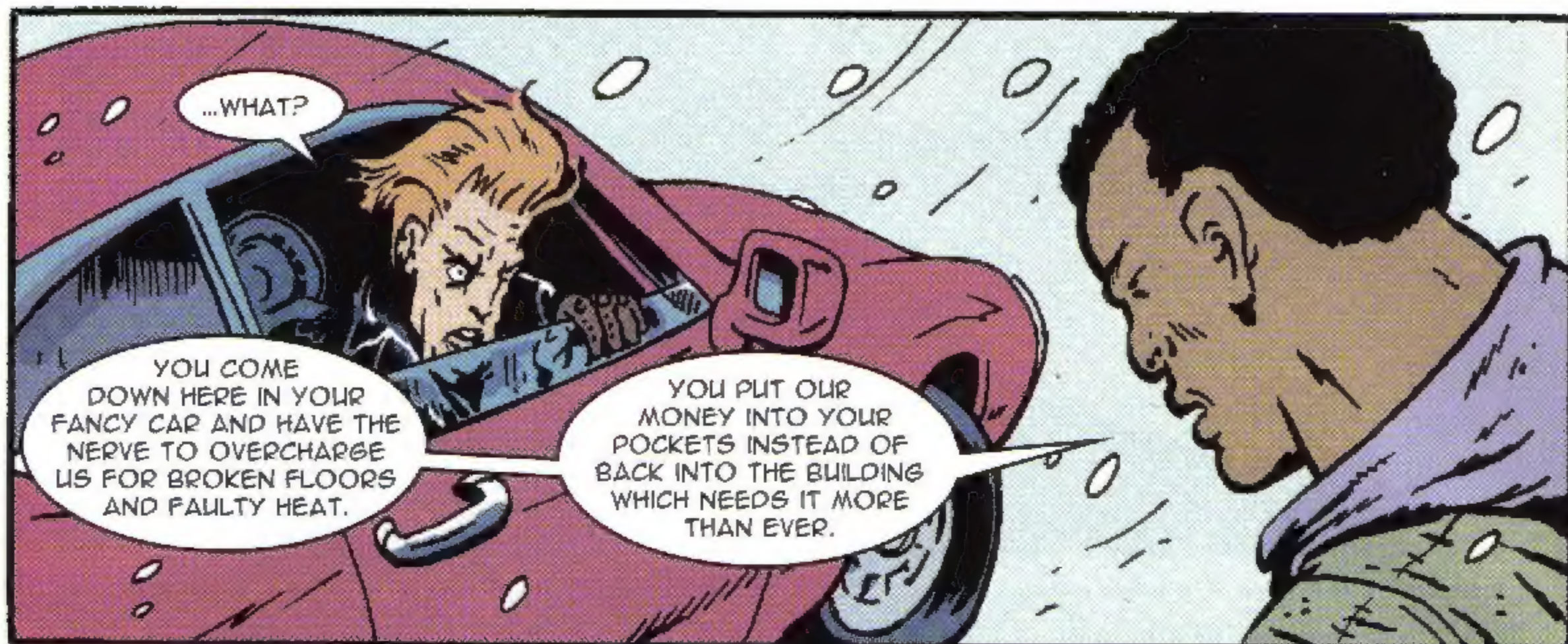
PEOPLE, PEOPLE--



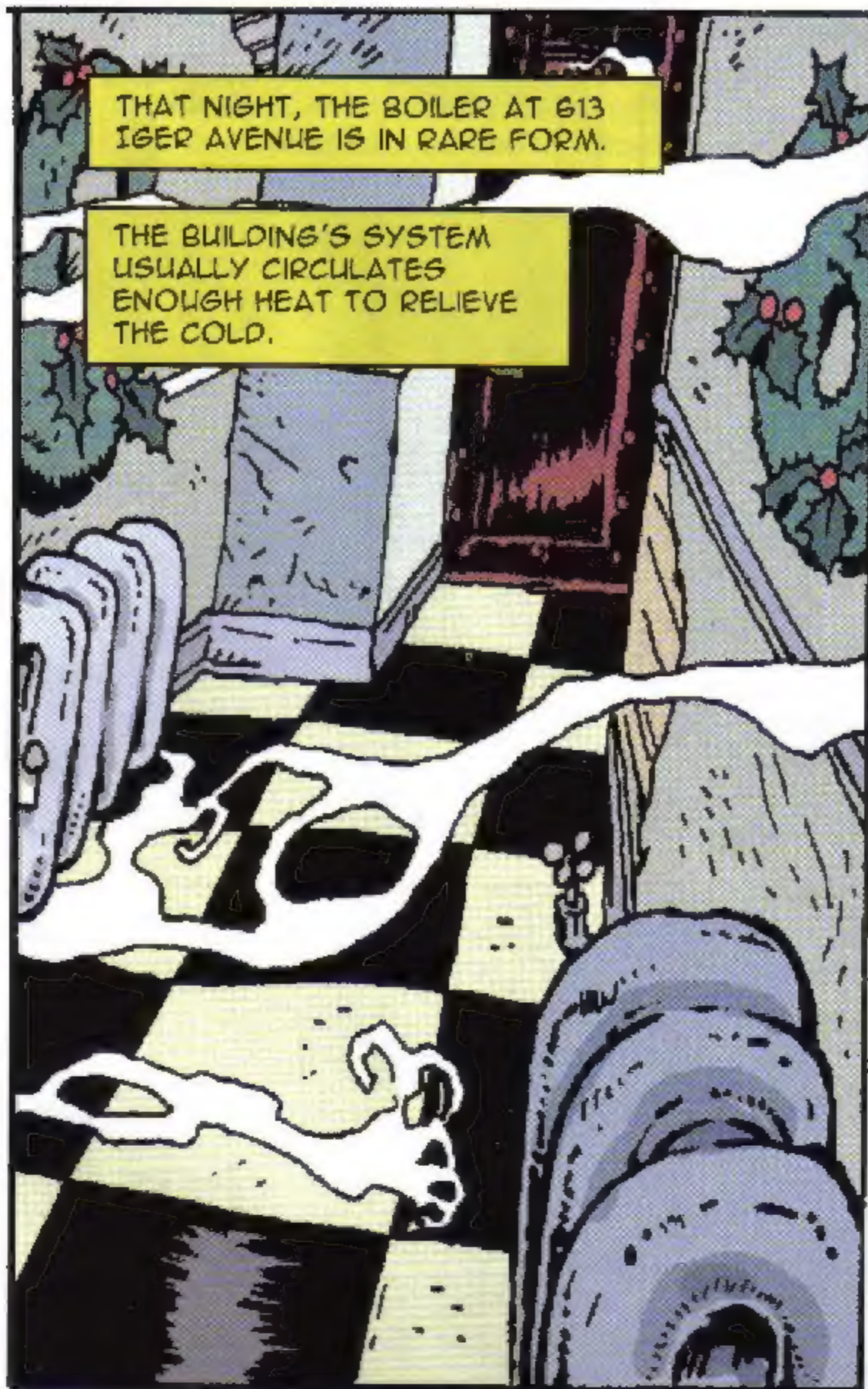






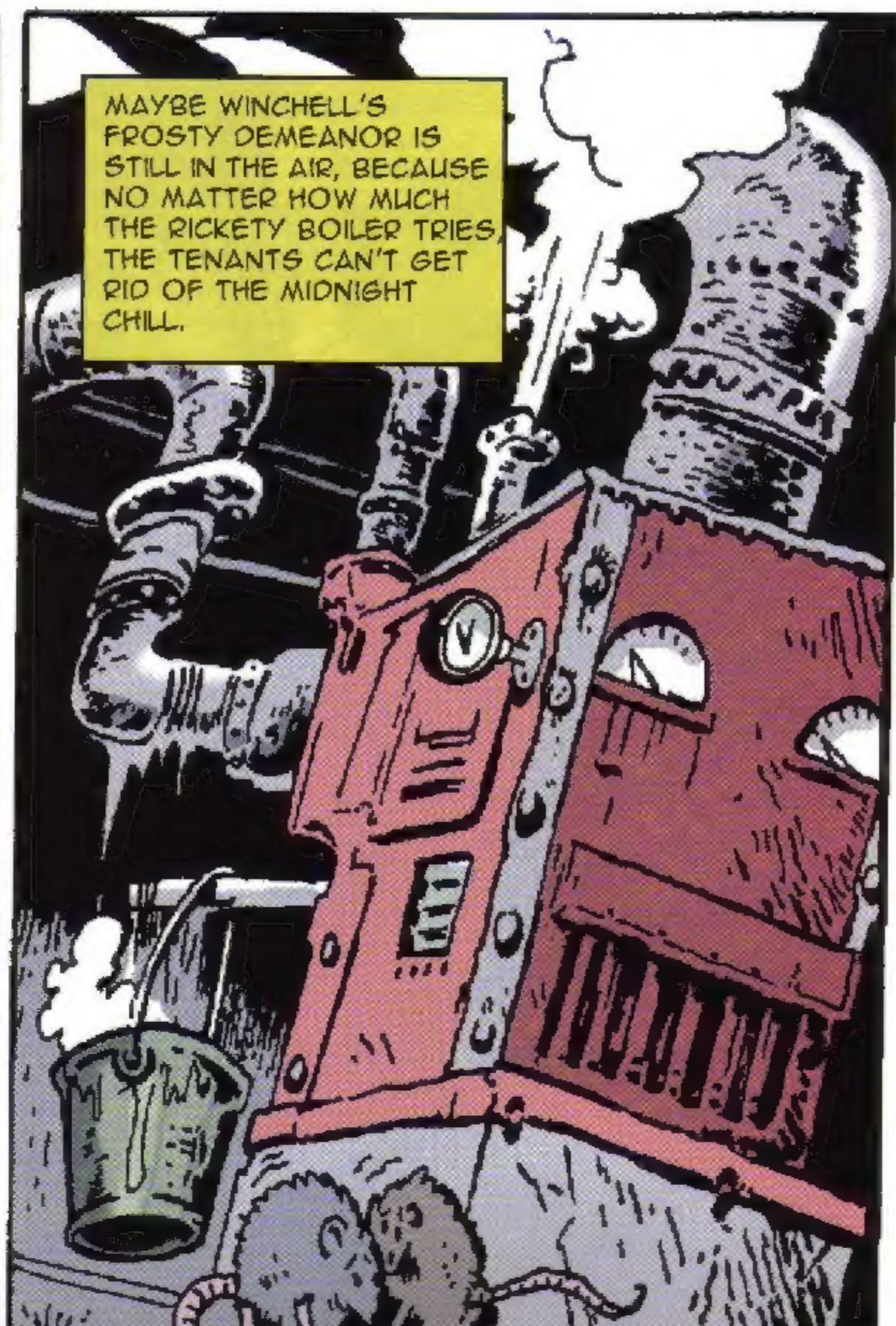




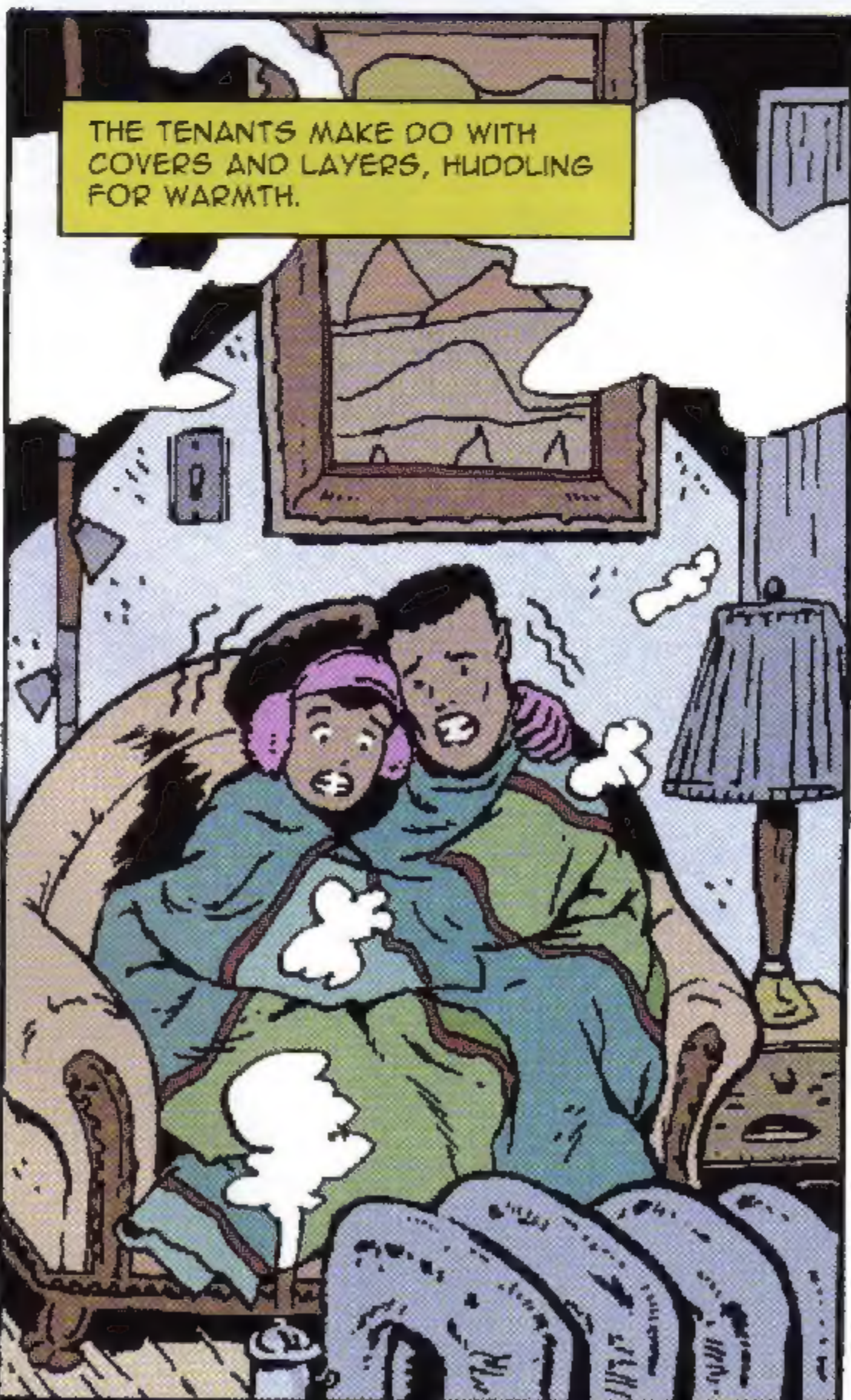


THAT NIGHT, THE BOILER AT 613 IGER AVENUE IS IN RARE FORM.

THE BUILDING'S SYSTEM USUALLY CIRCULATES ENOUGH HEAT TO RELIEVE THE COLD.



MAYBE WINCHELL'S FROSTY DEMEANOR IS STILL IN THE AIR, BECAUSE NO MATTER HOW MUCH THE RICKETY BOILER TRIES, THE TENANTS CAN'T GET RID OF THE MIDNIGHT CHILL.



THE TENANTS MAKE DO WITH COVERS AND LAYERS, HUDDLING FOR WARMTH.

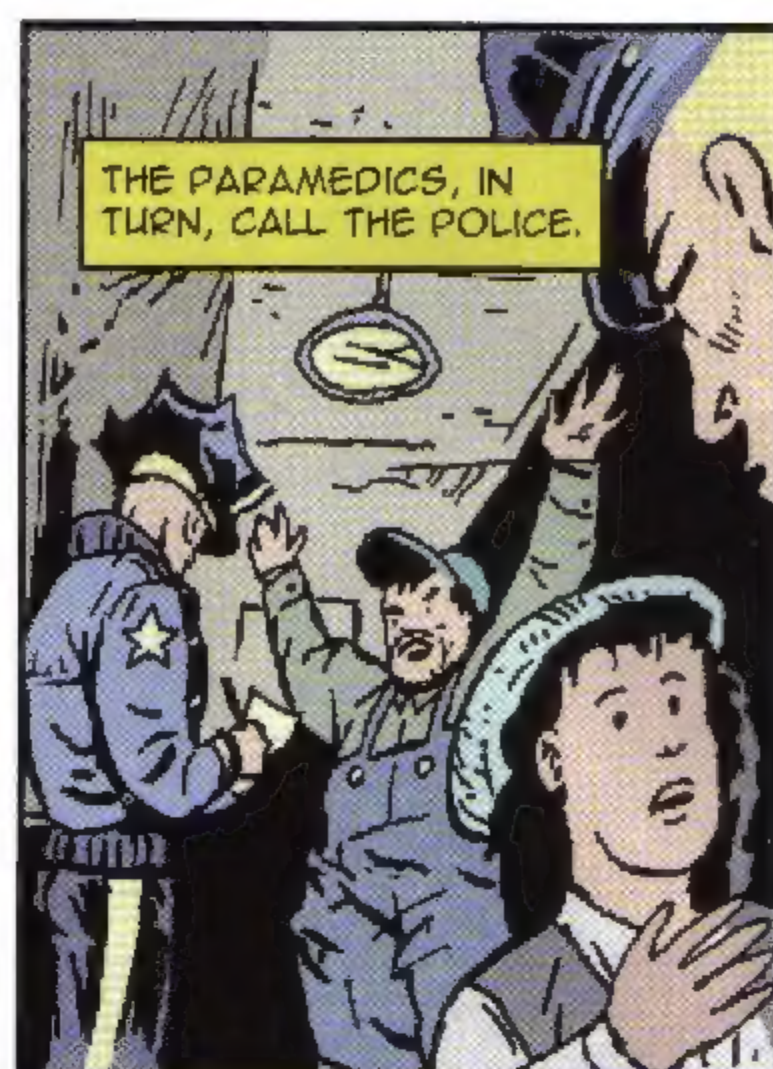


BUT NO AMOUNT OF BLANKETS CAN SAVE MRS. EUGENIA F. WILKES IN APARTMENT 2-B.





IN THE MORNING, SOMEBODY  
CALLS THE PARAMEDICS.



THE PARAMEDICS, IN  
TURN, CALL THE POLICE.



THE POLICE  
CALL ON  
MRS. WILKES'  
GRANDSON.

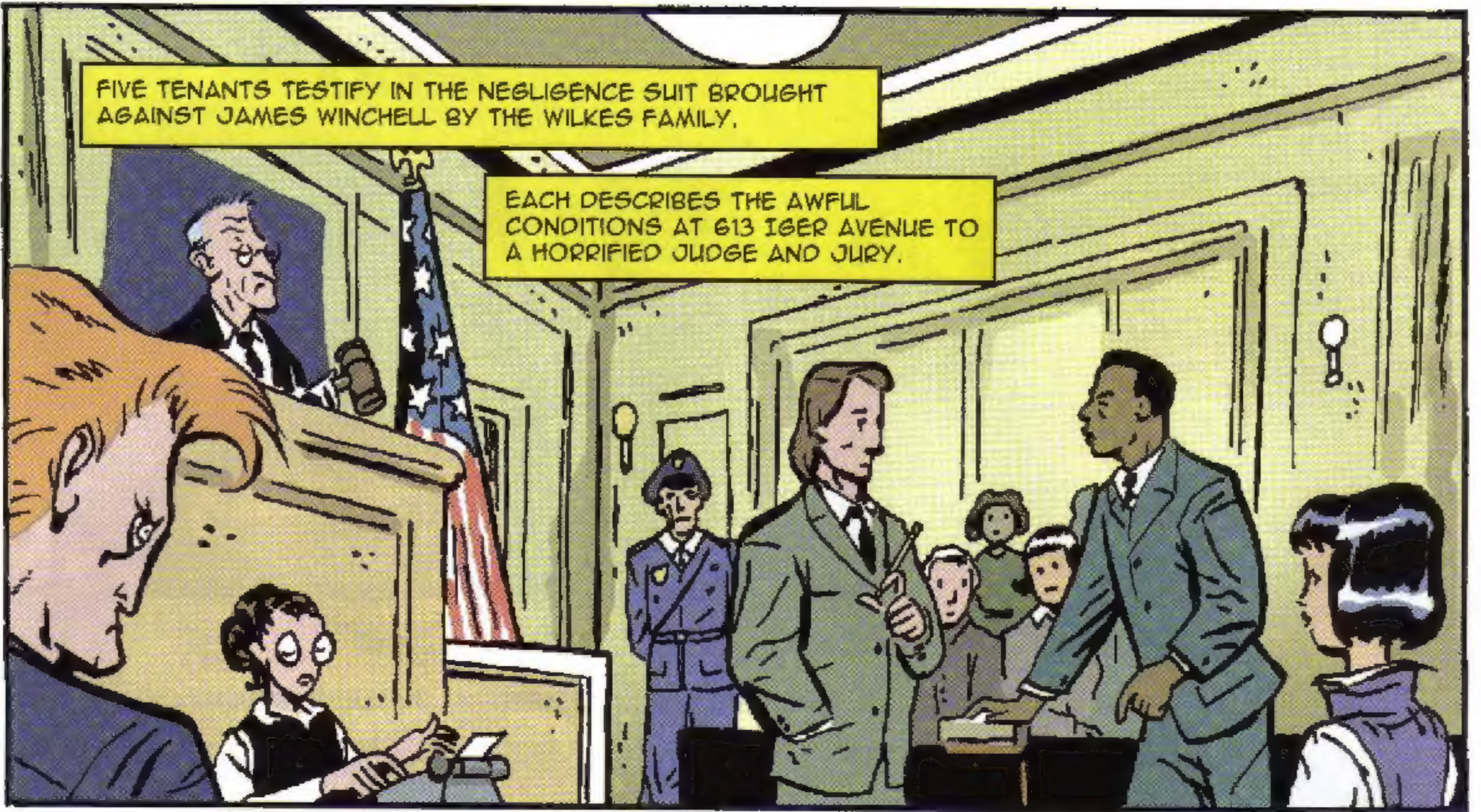


AND AFTER AN  
APPROPRIATE AMOUNT  
OF GRIEVING, MRS.  
WILKES' GRANDSON  
CALLS HIS LAWYER.

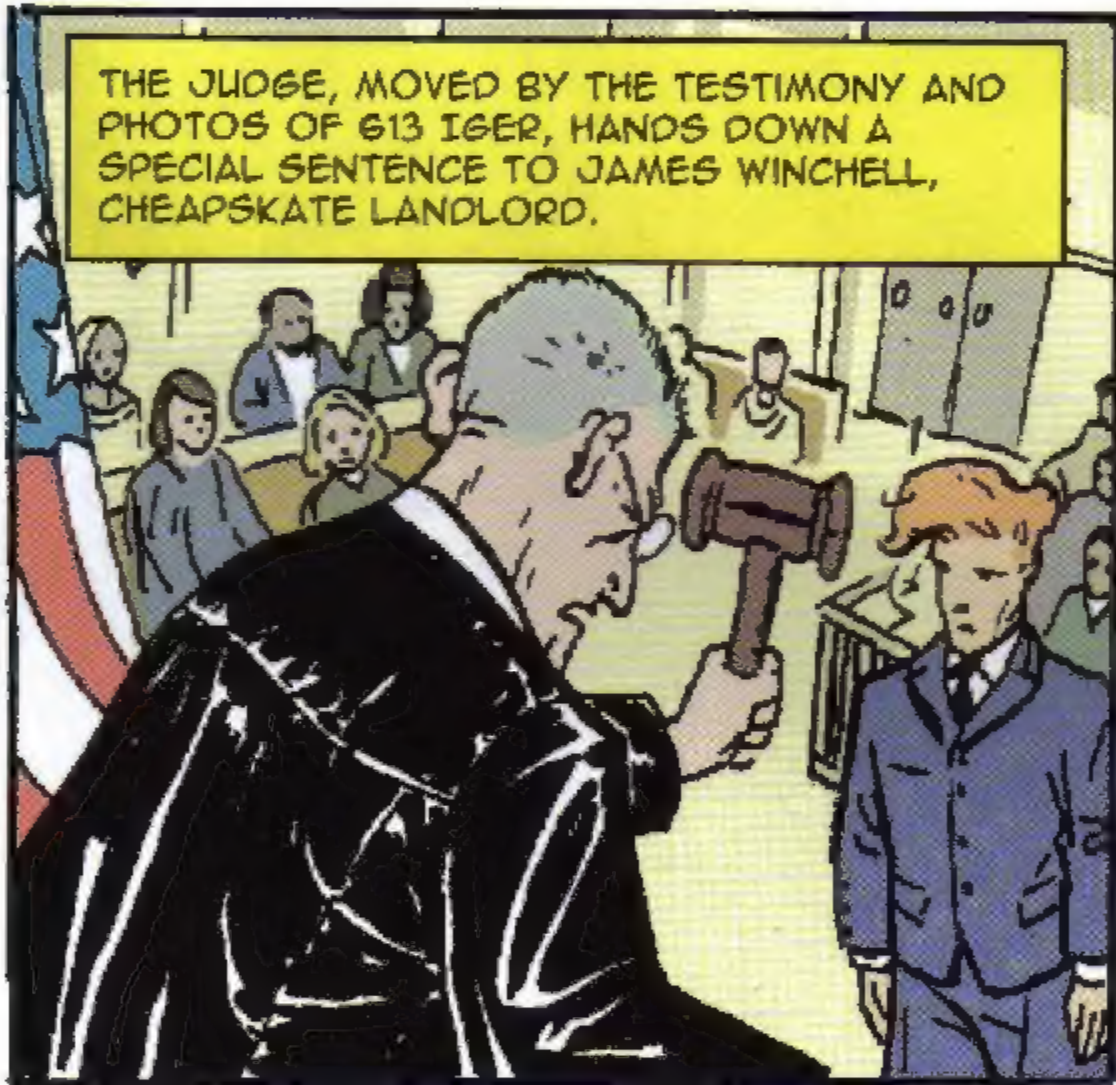


FIVE TENANTS TESTIFY IN THE NEGLIGENCE SUIT BROUGHT AGAINST JAMES WINCHELL BY THE WILKES FAMILY.

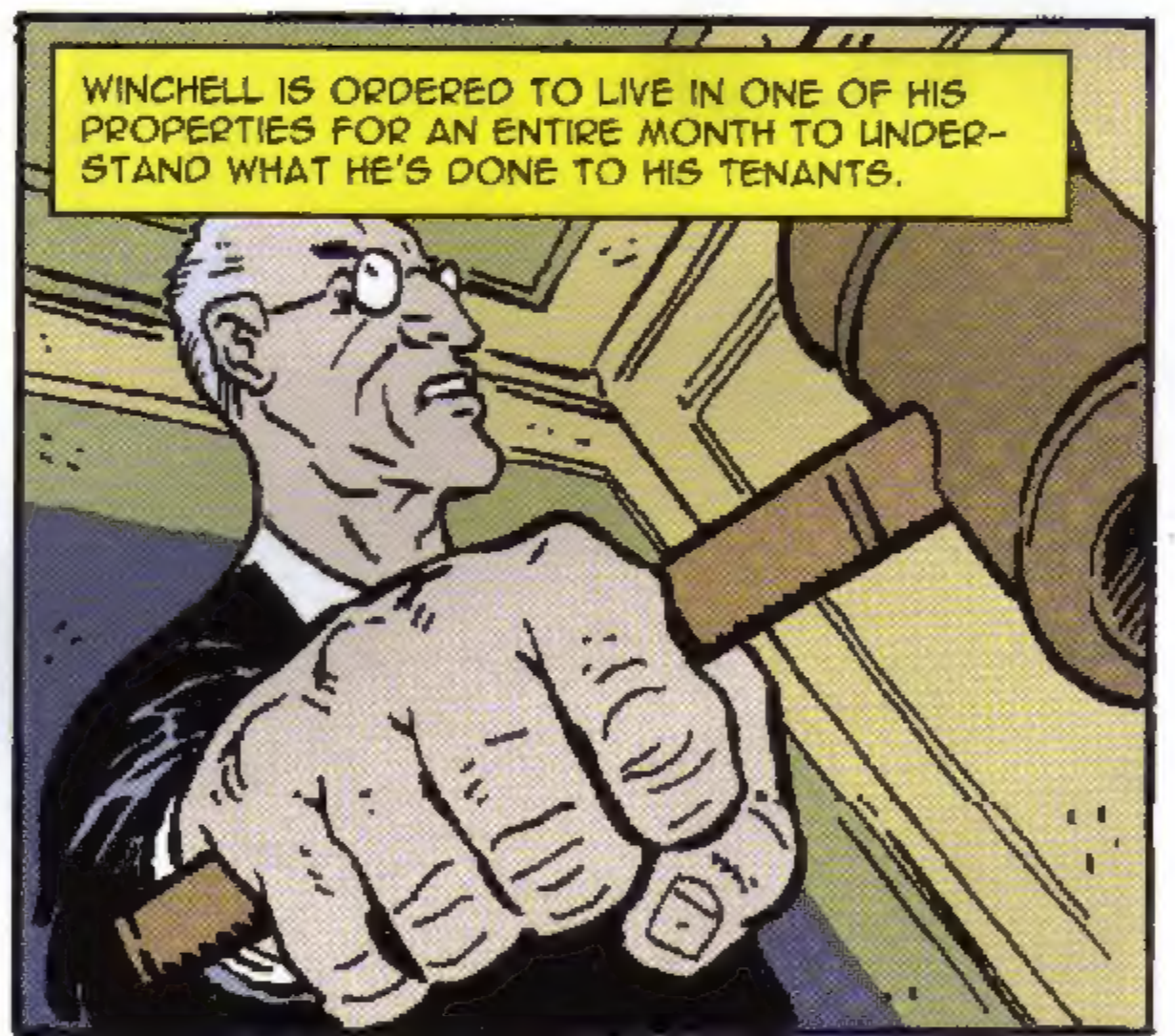
EACH DESCRIBES THE AWFUL CONDITIONS AT 613 IGER AVENUE TO A HORRIFIED JUDGE AND JURY.



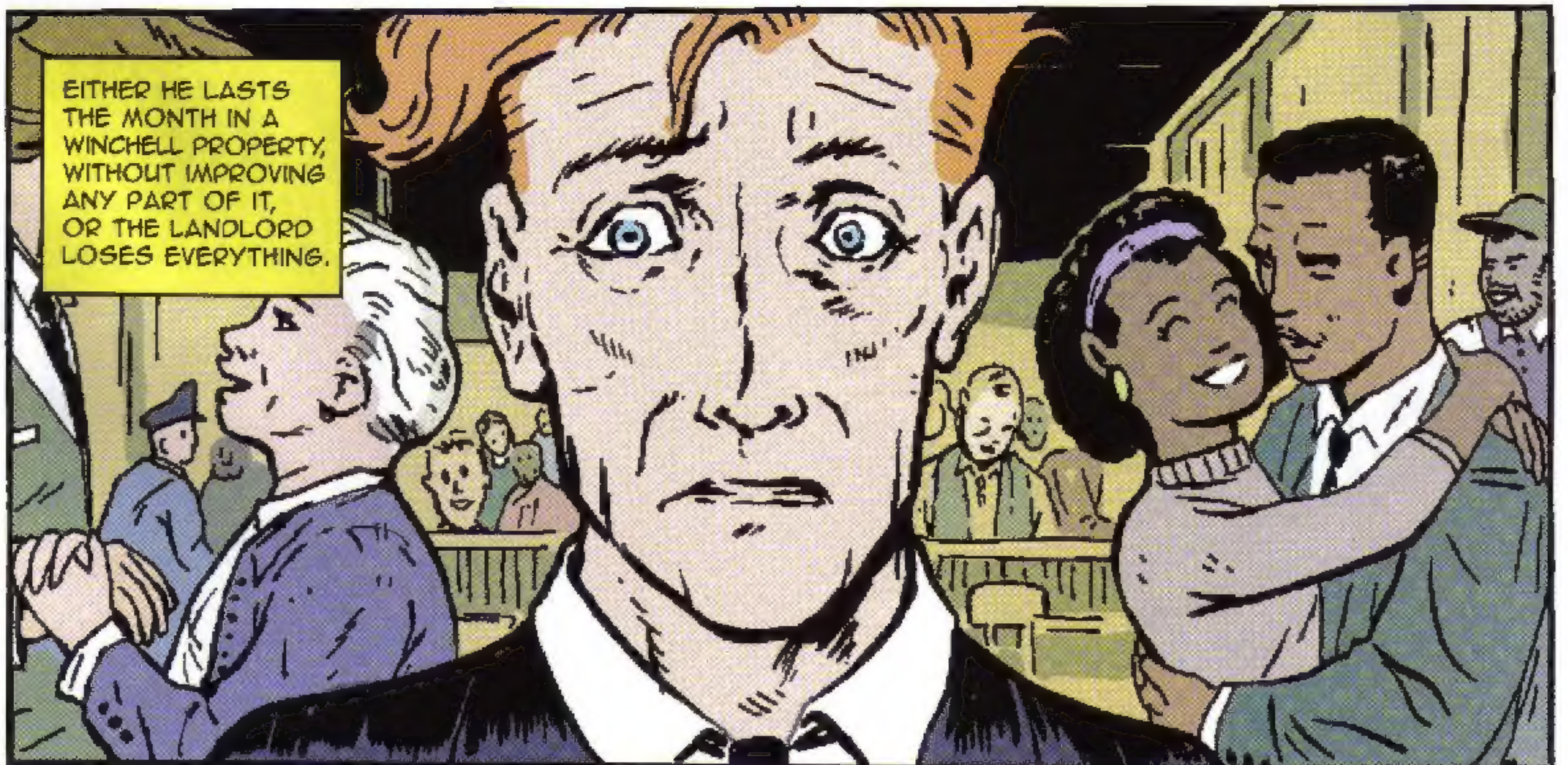
THE JUDGE, MOVED BY THE TESTIMONY AND PHOTOS OF 613 IGER, HANDS DOWN A SPECIAL SENTENCE TO JAMES WINCHELL, CHEAPSKATE LANDLORD.



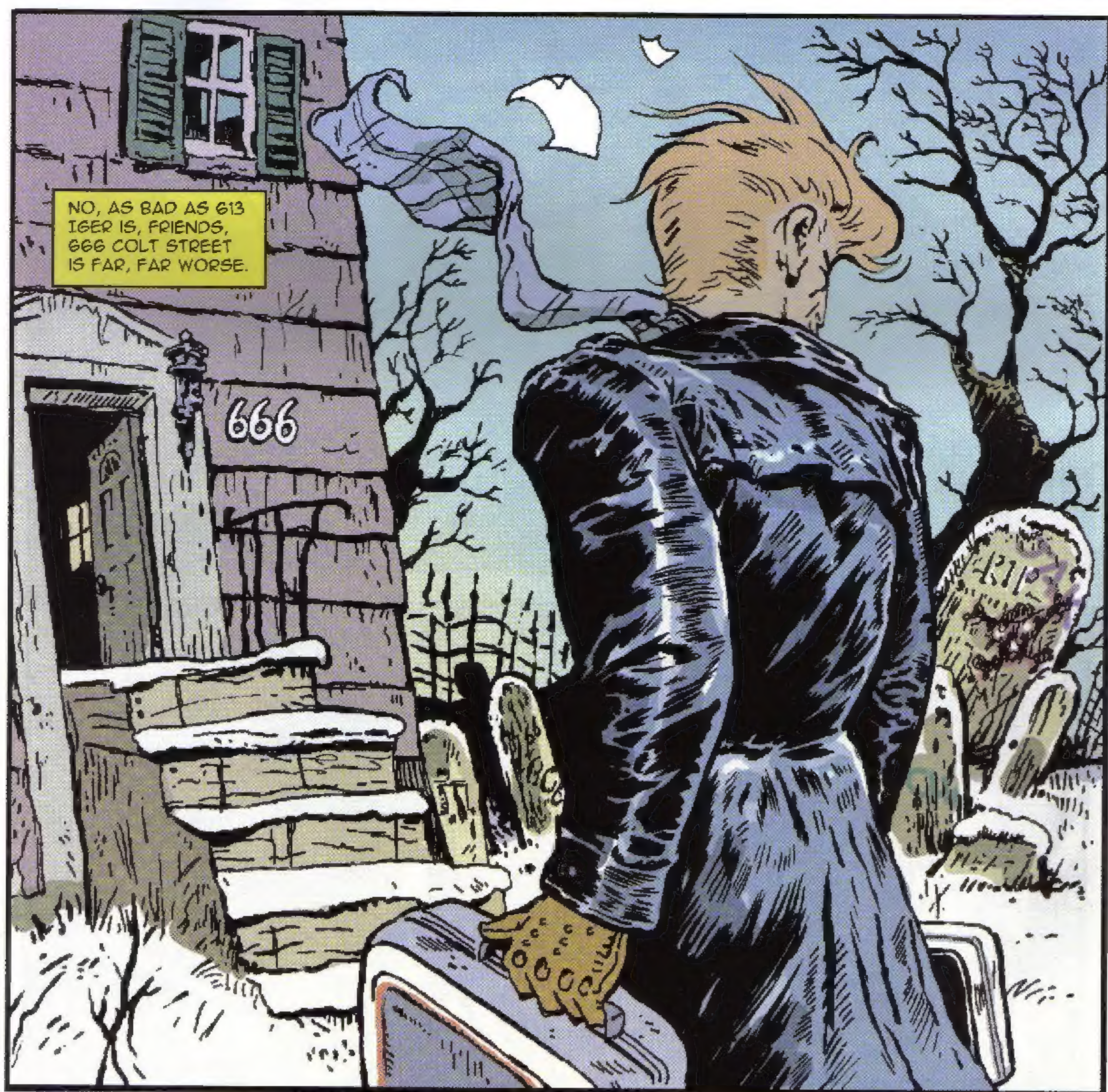
WINCHELL IS ORDERED TO LIVE IN ONE OF HIS PROPERTIES FOR AN ENTIRE MONTH TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HE'S DONE TO HIS TENANTS.



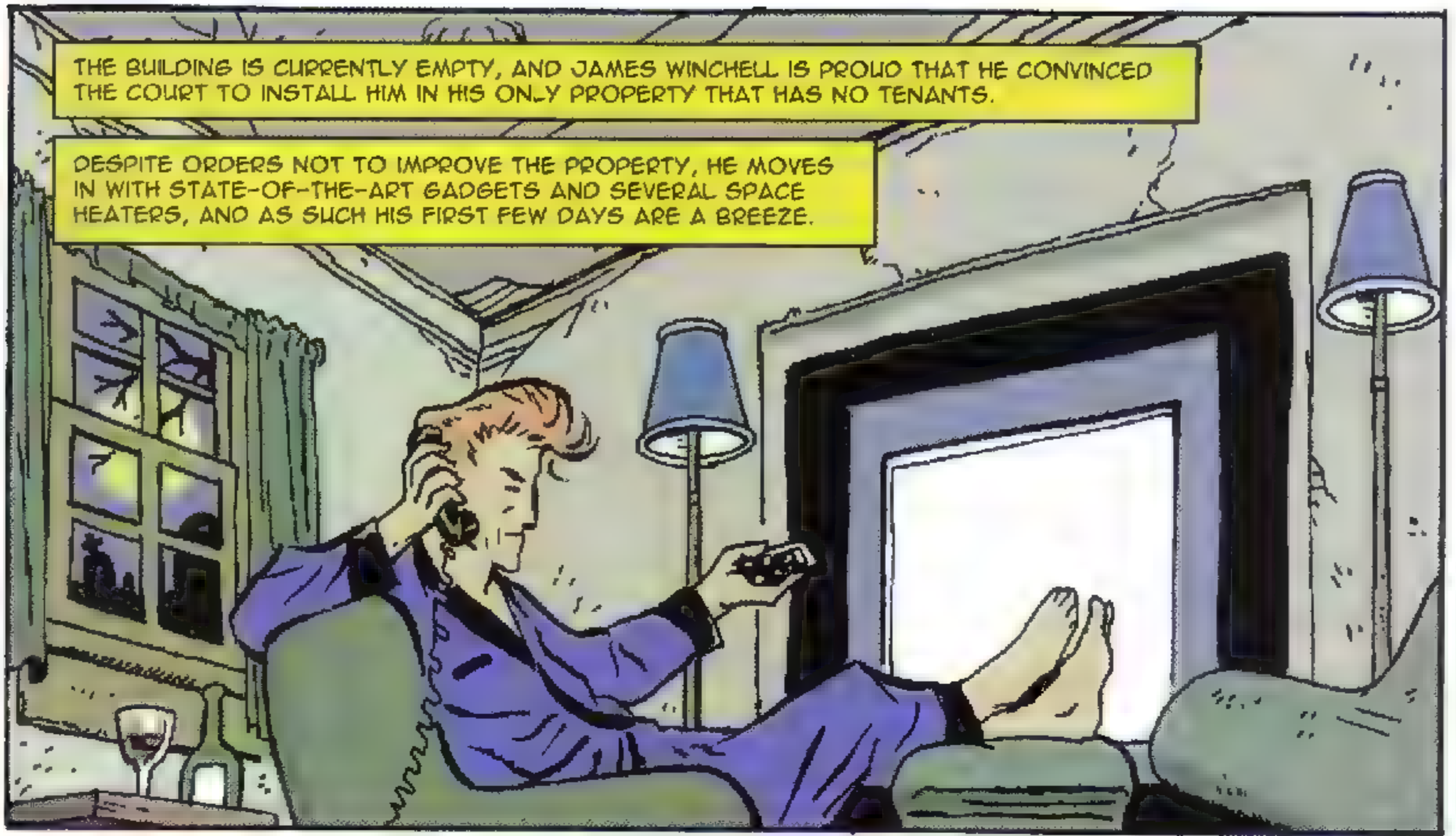
EITHER HE LASTS THE MONTH IN A WINCHELL PROPERTY, WITHOUT IMPROVING ANY PART OF IT, OR THE LANDLORD LOSES EVERYTHING.





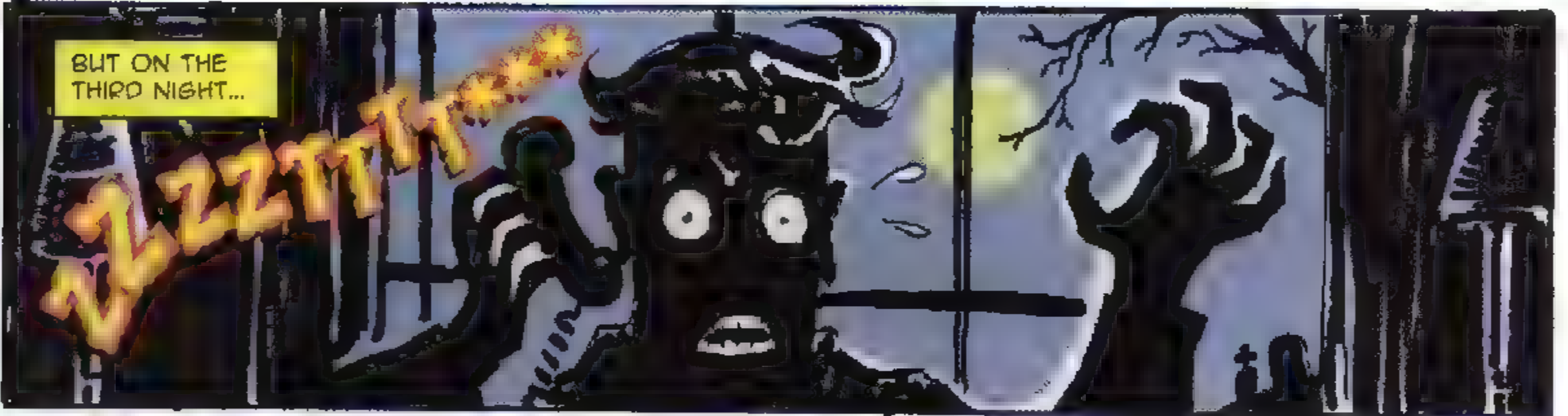




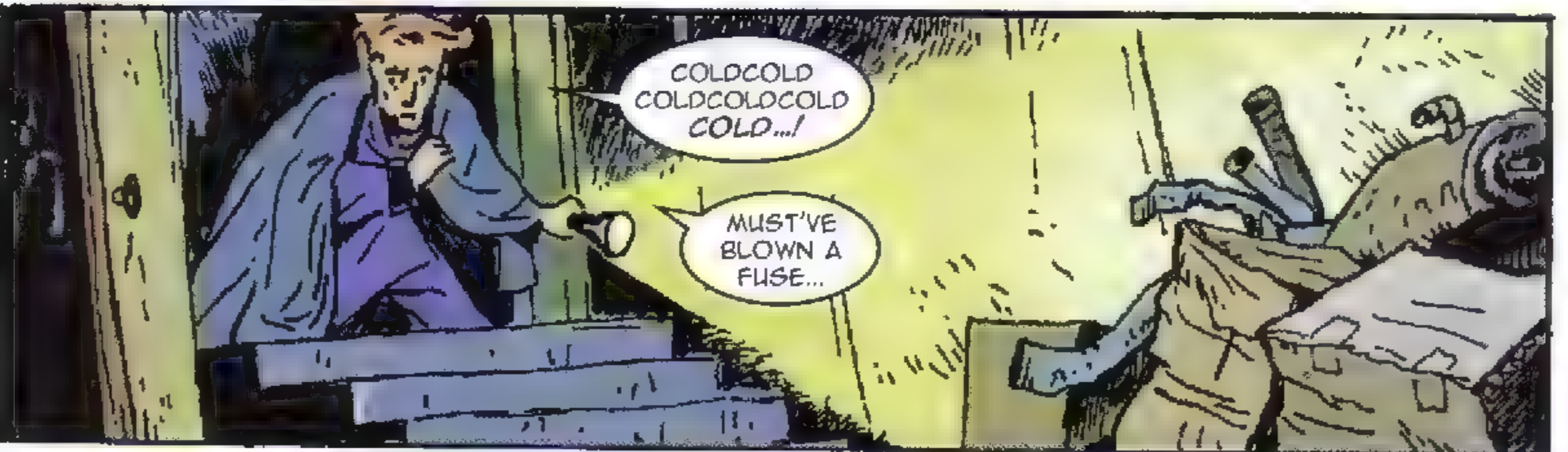


THE BUILDING IS CURRENTLY EMPTY, AND JAMES WINCHELL IS PROUD THAT HE CONVINCED THE COURT TO INSTALL HIM IN HIS ONLY PROPERTY THAT HAS NO TENANTS.

DESPITE ORDERS NOT TO IMPROVE THE PROPERTY, HE MOVES IN WITH STATE-OF-THE-ART GADGETS AND SEVERAL SPACE HEATERS, AND AS SUCH HIS FIRST FEW DAYS ARE A BREEZE.



BUT ON THE THIRD NIGHT...



COLD COLD  
COLD COLD COLD  
COLD...!

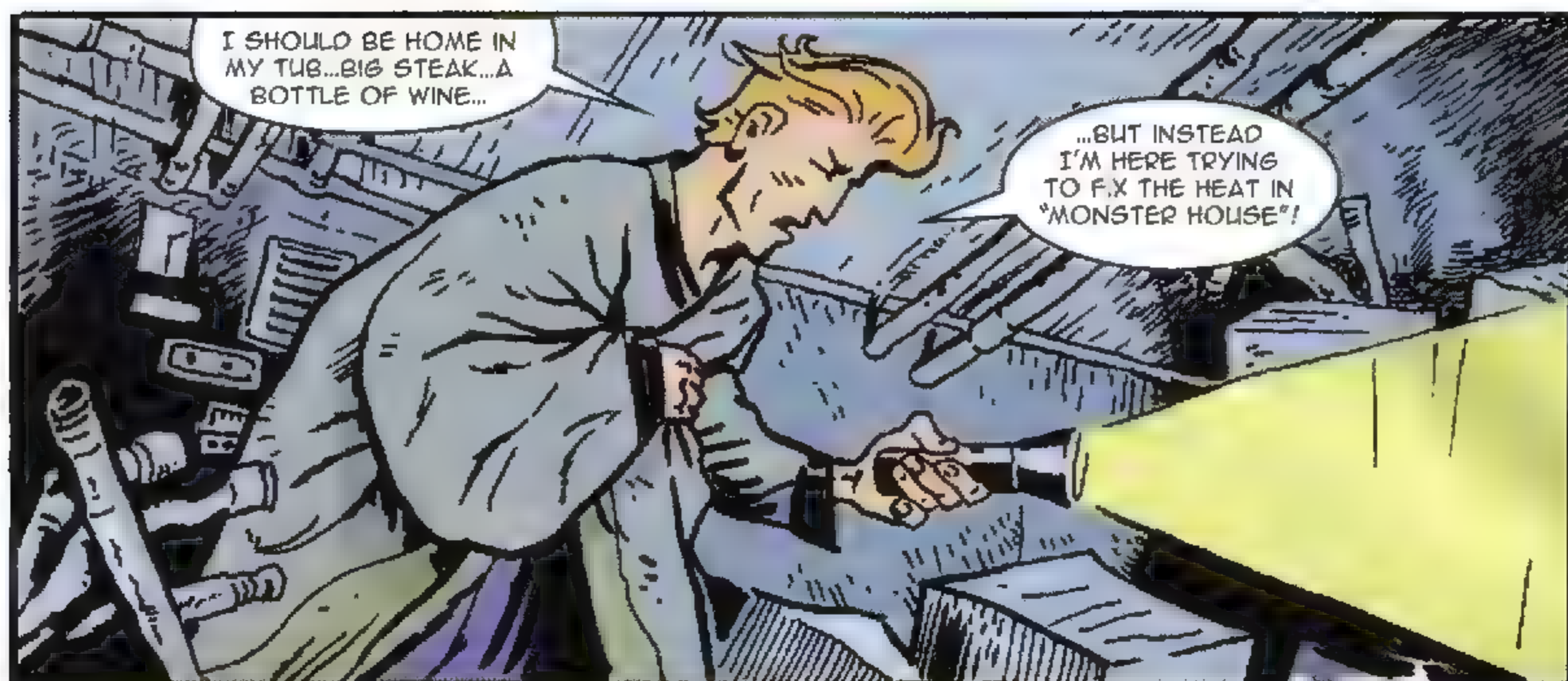
MUST'VE  
BLOWN A  
FUSE...



OKAY, BOILER.  
BOILER WHERE'S  
THE BOILER?

HOW HARD  
CAN IT BE TO GET  
SOME HEAT GOING? IF  
CAVEMEN CAN DO IT WITH  
TWO STICKS, I'M SURE I  
CAN DO IT.





I SHOULD BE HOME IN MY TUB...BIG STEAK...A BOTTLE OF WINE...

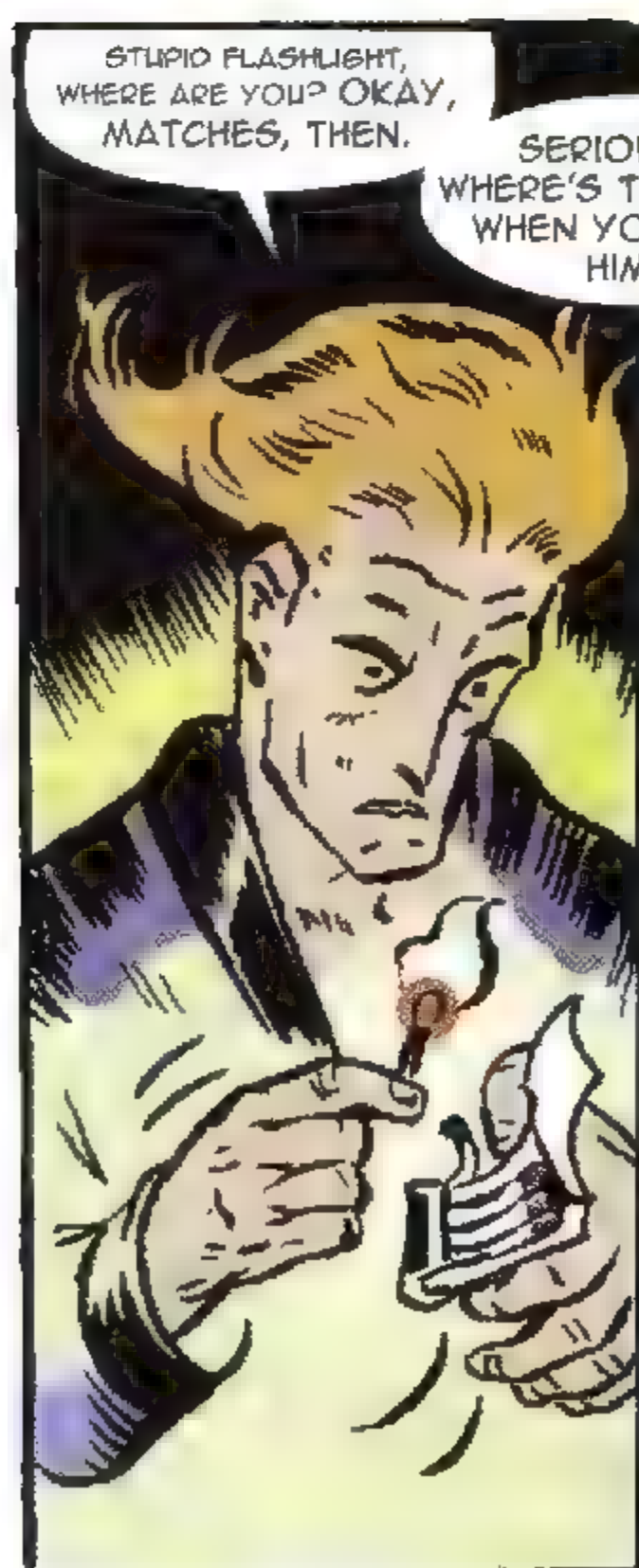
...BUT INSTEAD I'M HERE TRYING TO F.X THE HEAT IN "MONSTER HOUSE"!



ONLY TWENTY-SEVEN MORE DAYS-- WHOAAHGGH!

KRASSSHH

OWCH



STUPID FLASHLIGHT, WHERE ARE YOU? OKAY, MATCHES, THEN.

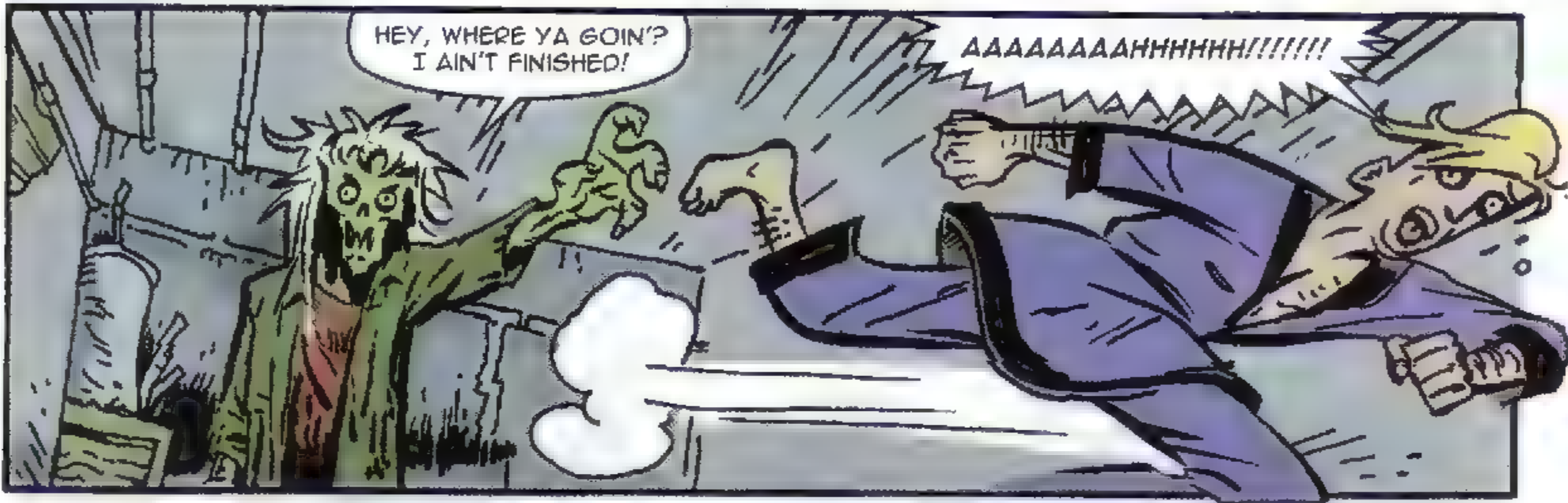
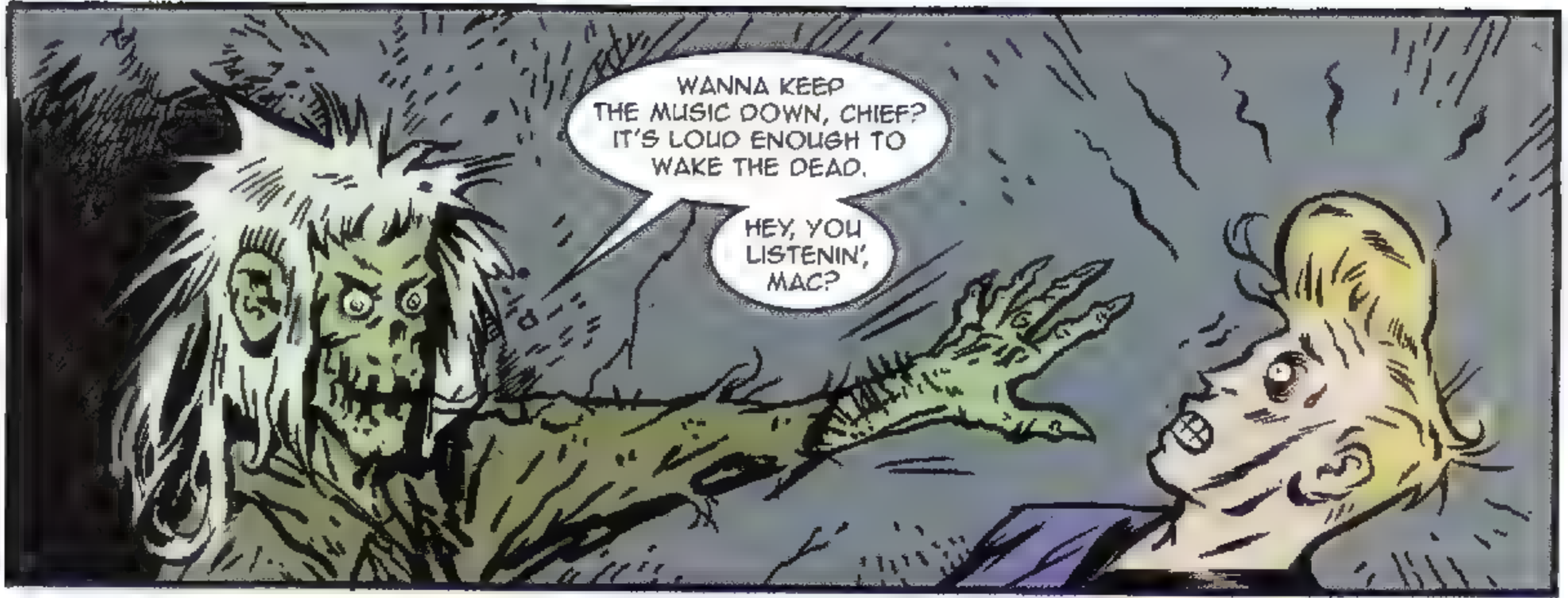
SERIOUSLY, WHERE'S THE SUPER WHEN YOU NEED HIM?



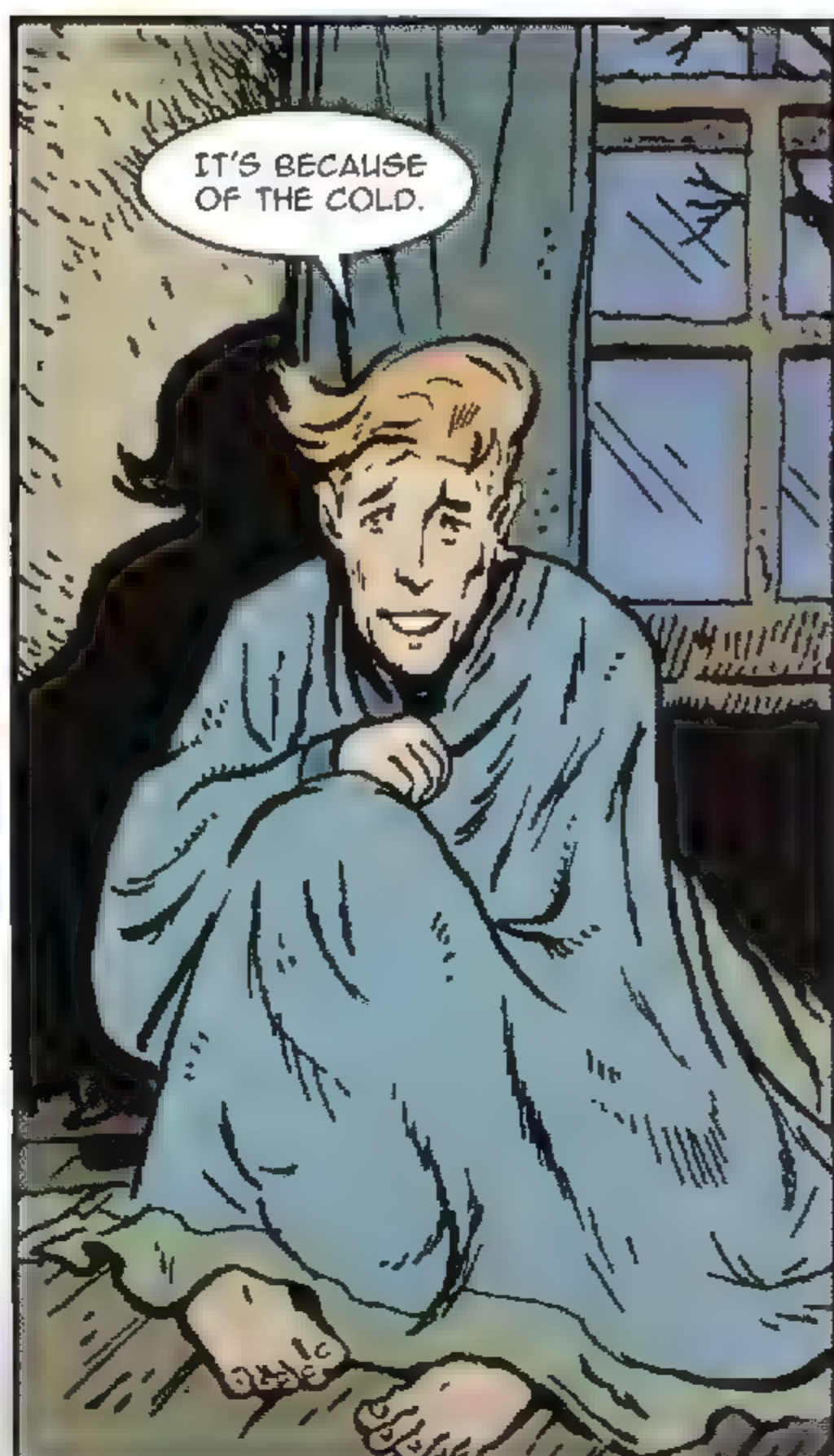
LEMME KNOW IF YOU FIND HIM.

I GOTTA COMPLAINT ABOUT THE NOISE.

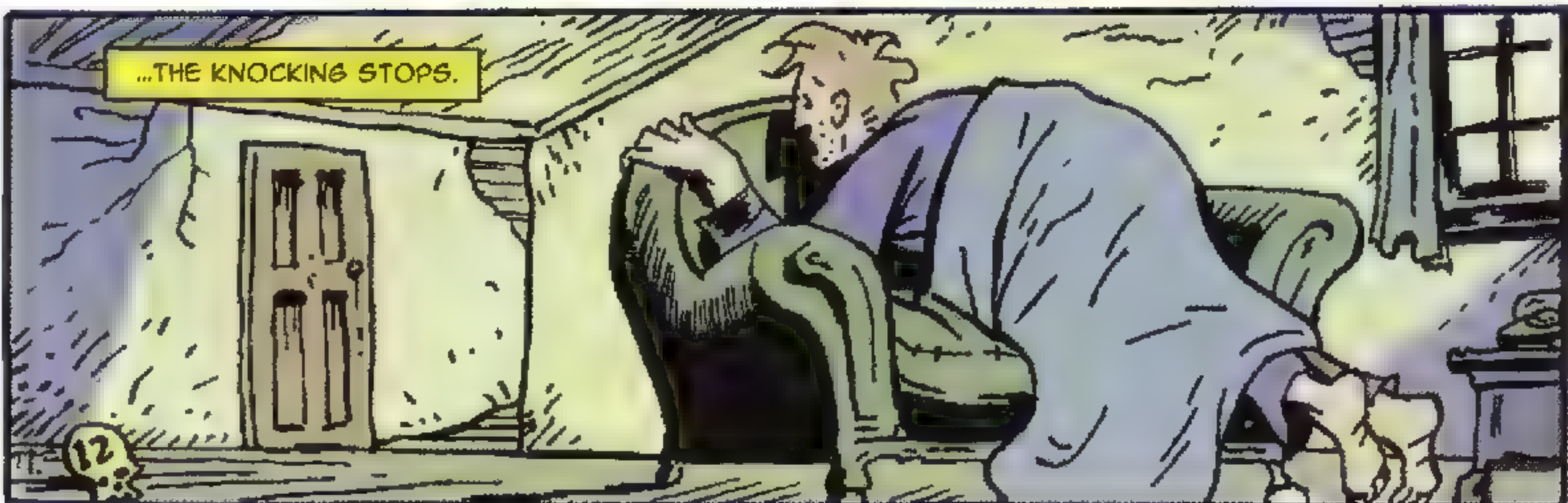
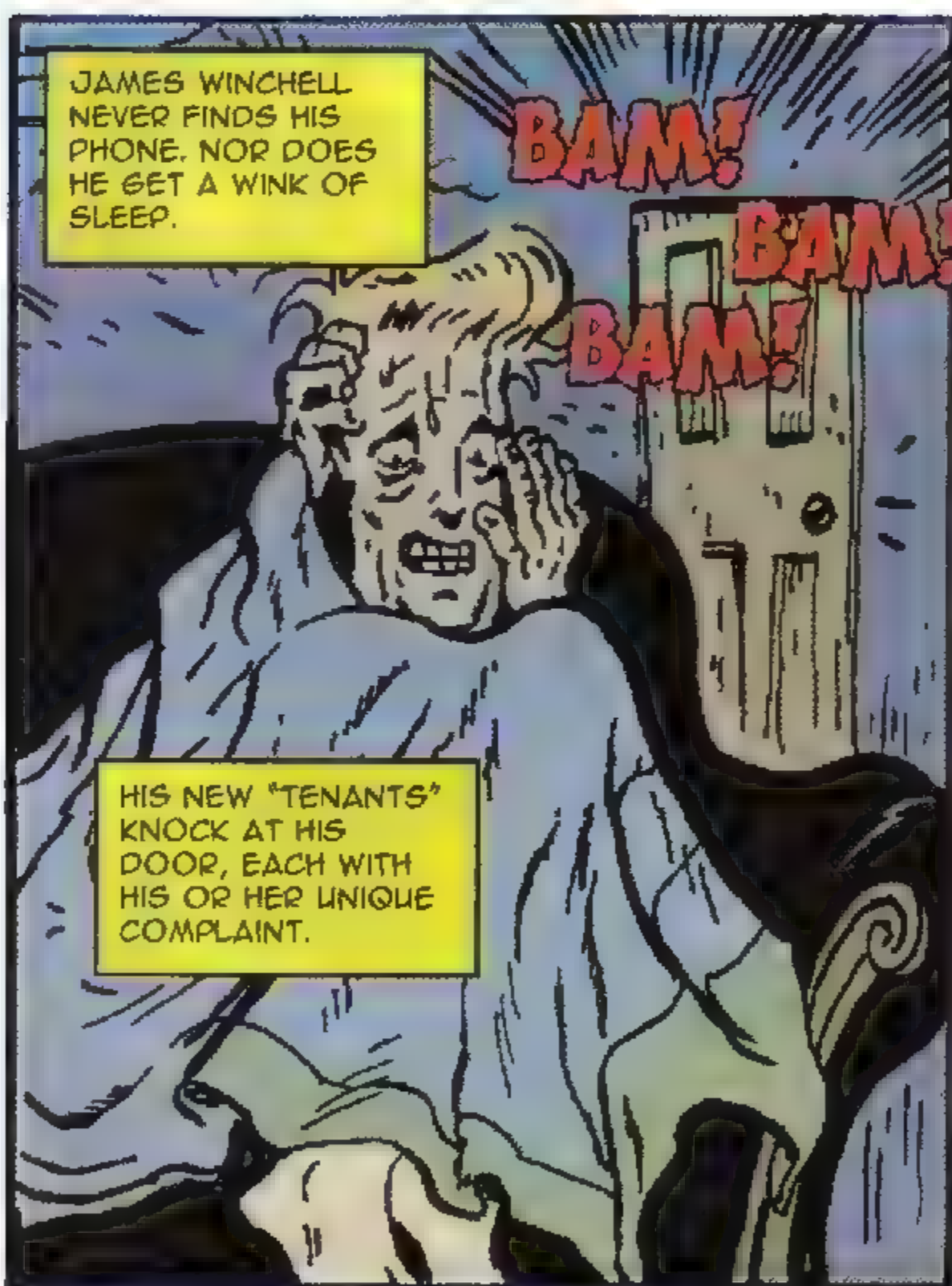
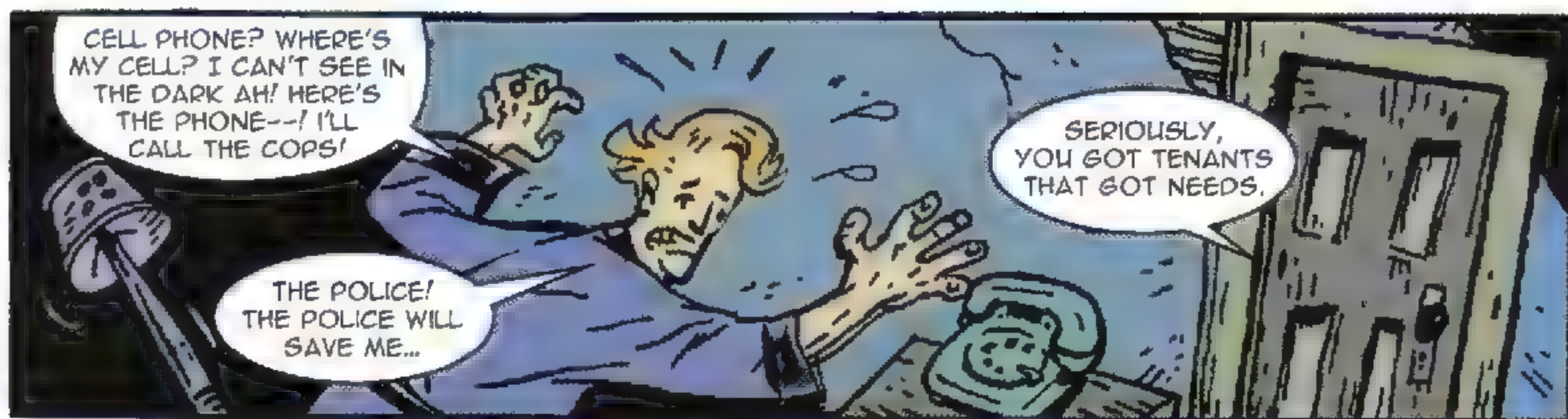




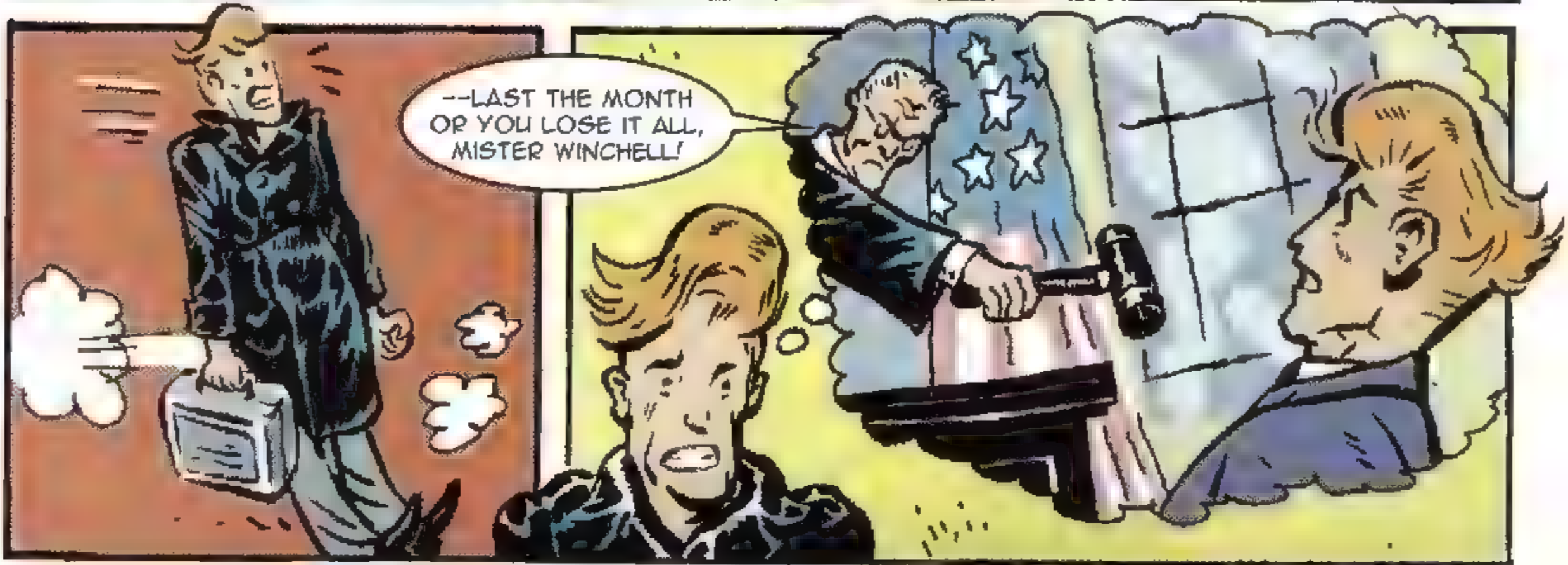
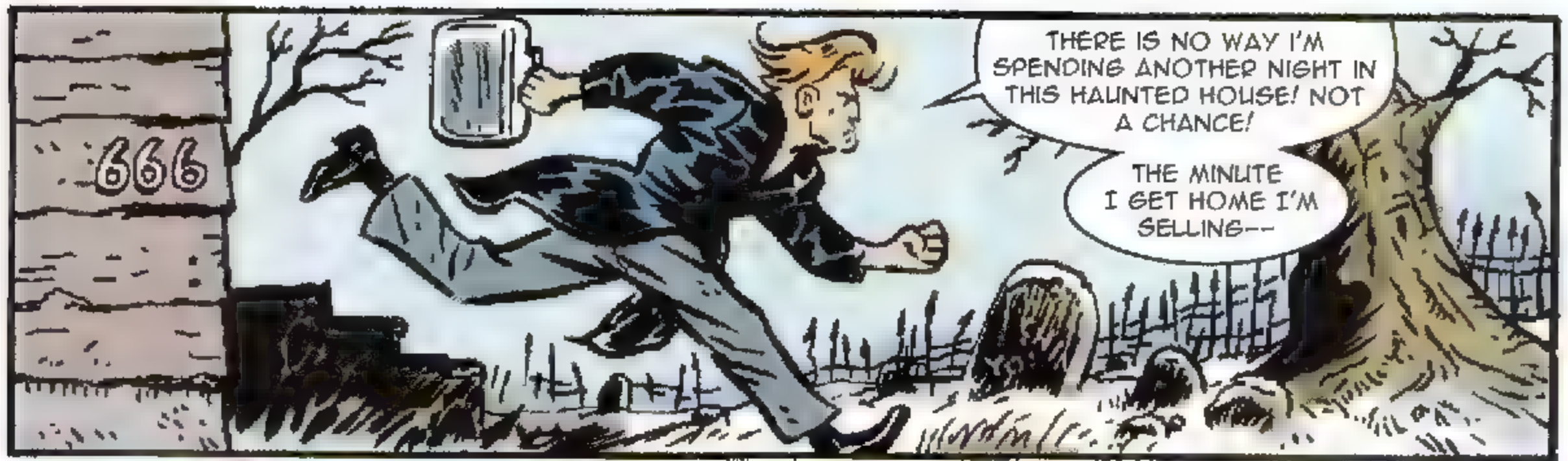








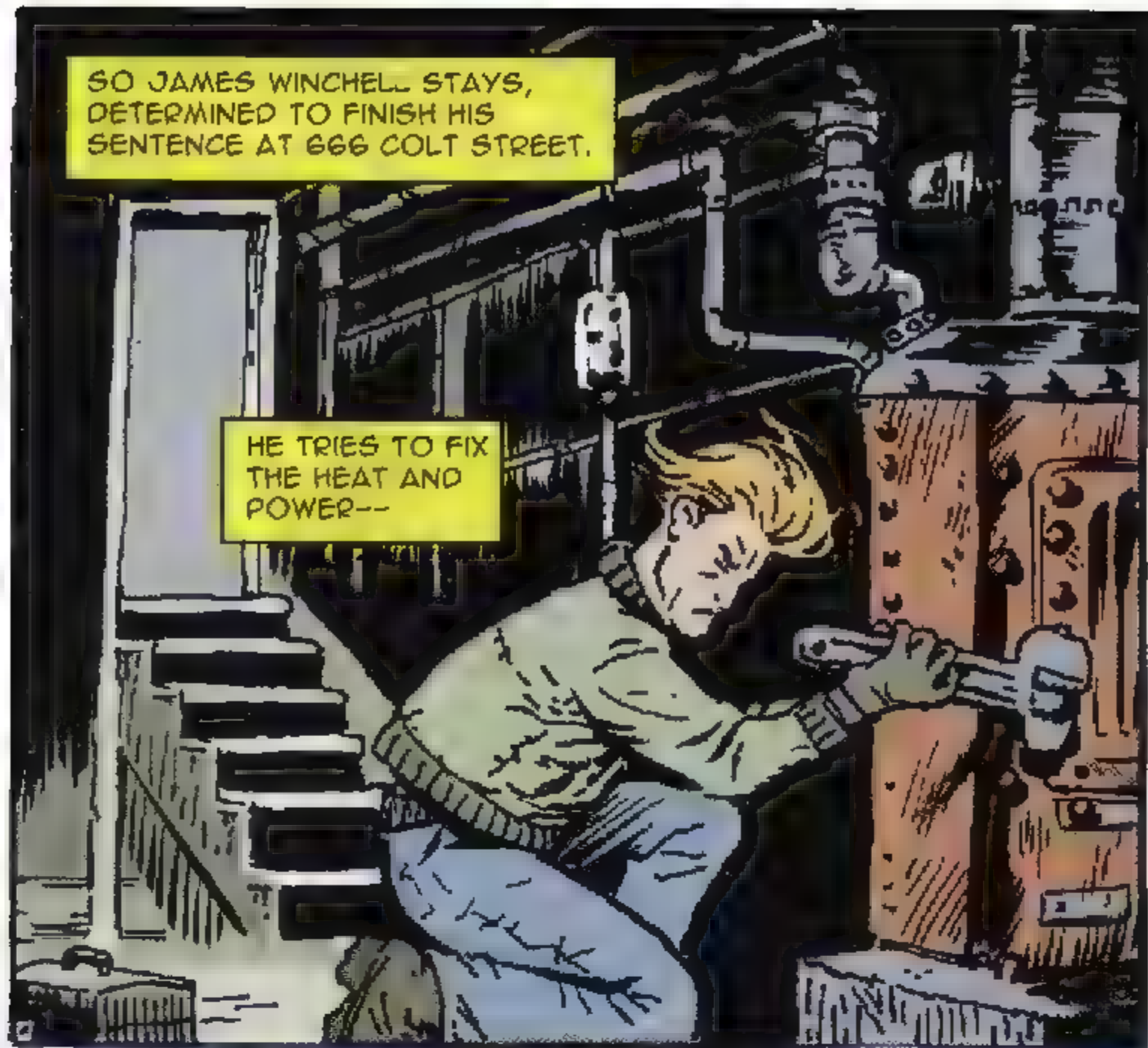






SO JAMES WINCHELL STAYS,  
DETERMINED TO FINISH HIS  
SENTENCE AT 666 COLT STREET.

HE TRIES TO FIX  
THE HEAT AND  
POWER---



BUT THE BUILDING IS  
IN SUCH DISREPAIR  
THAT NOTHING WORKS.



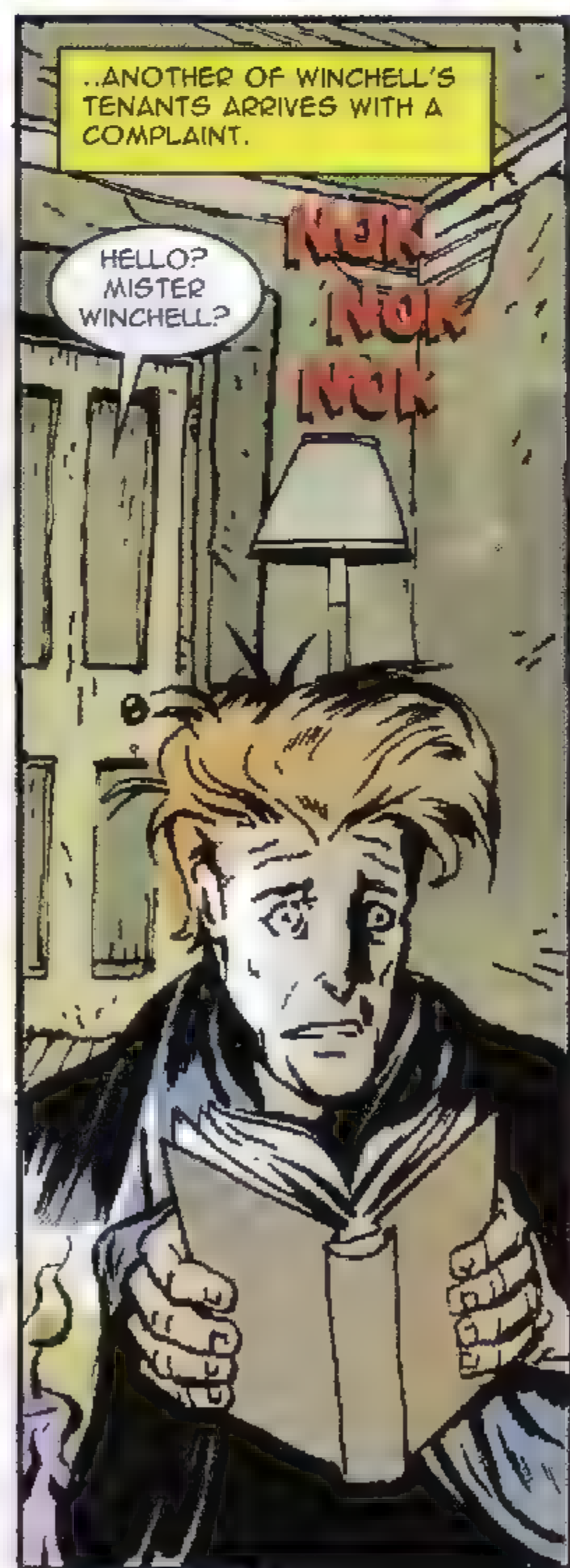
AND AS NIGHT FALLS AND  
BRINGS THE WINTER CHILL...



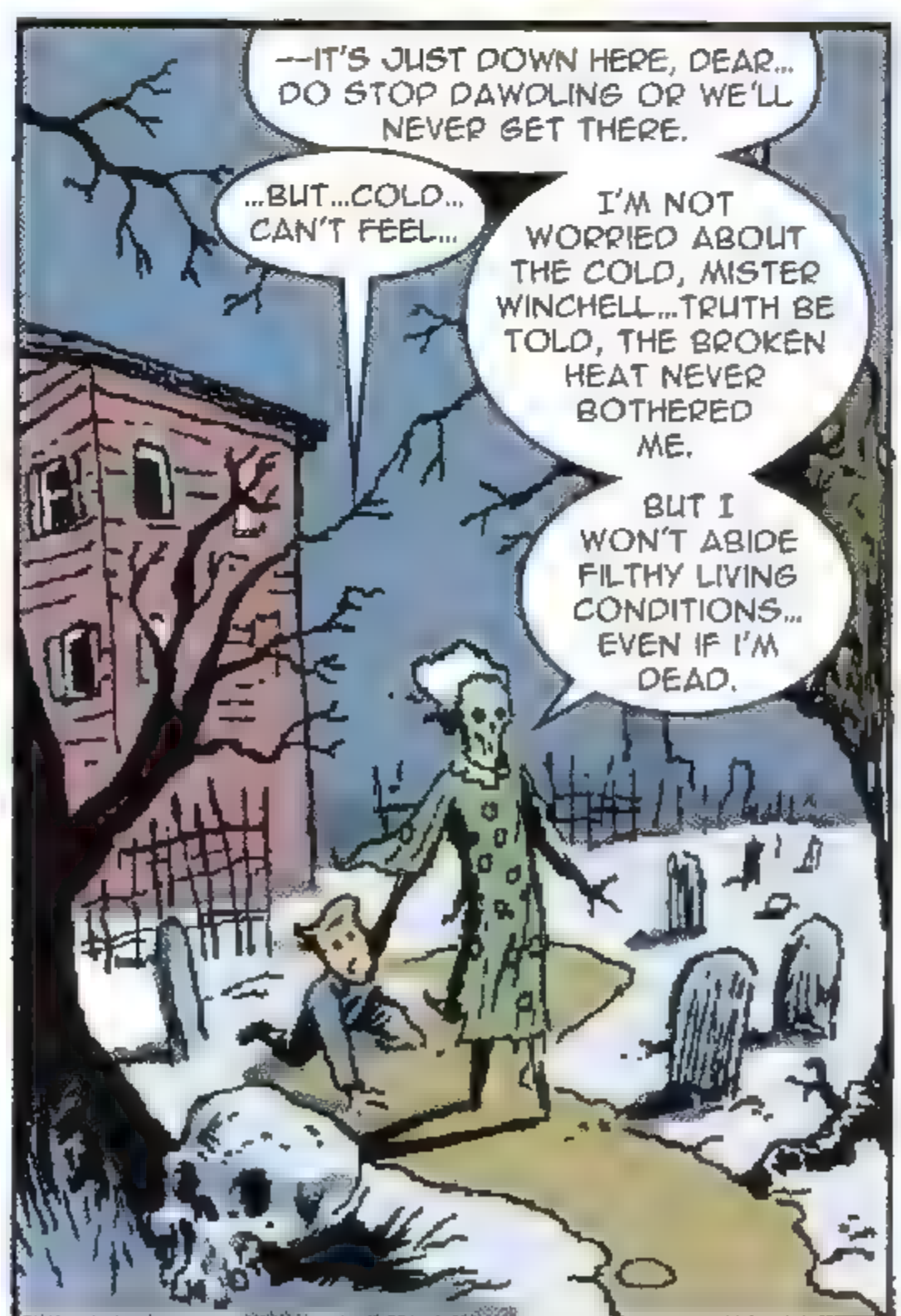
..ANOTHER OF WINCHELL'S  
TENANTS ARRIVES WITH A  
COMPLAINT.

HELLO?  
MISTER  
WINCHELL?

NOK  
NOK  
NOK











SEE?  
DISGRACEFUL.

I LIKE A  
TIDY PLOT, MISTER  
WINCHELL. IF YOU'D  
BE SO KIND...?

WH-WHAT?  
YOU WANT  
ME TO...?



NO! I MEAN...NO,  
I CAN'T!... I WON'T!  
LEAVE ME ALONE!

BUT DEAR,  
IT'S YOUR  
JOB.

HEH...HAHAHA!  
NO, T'S NOT!  
I'M THE LANDLORD...  
I JUST OWN THE  
BUILDING! I'M NOT  
THE CARETAKER.



YOU GOT A  
PROBLEM, TAKE  
IT UP WITH HIM!

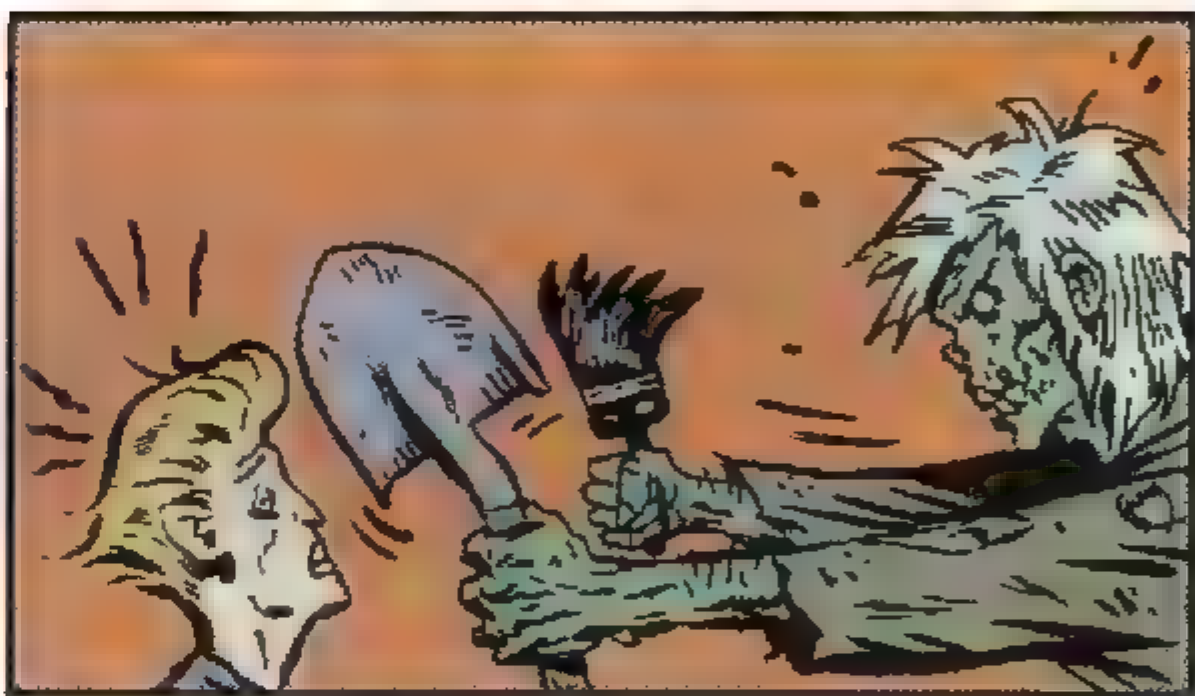
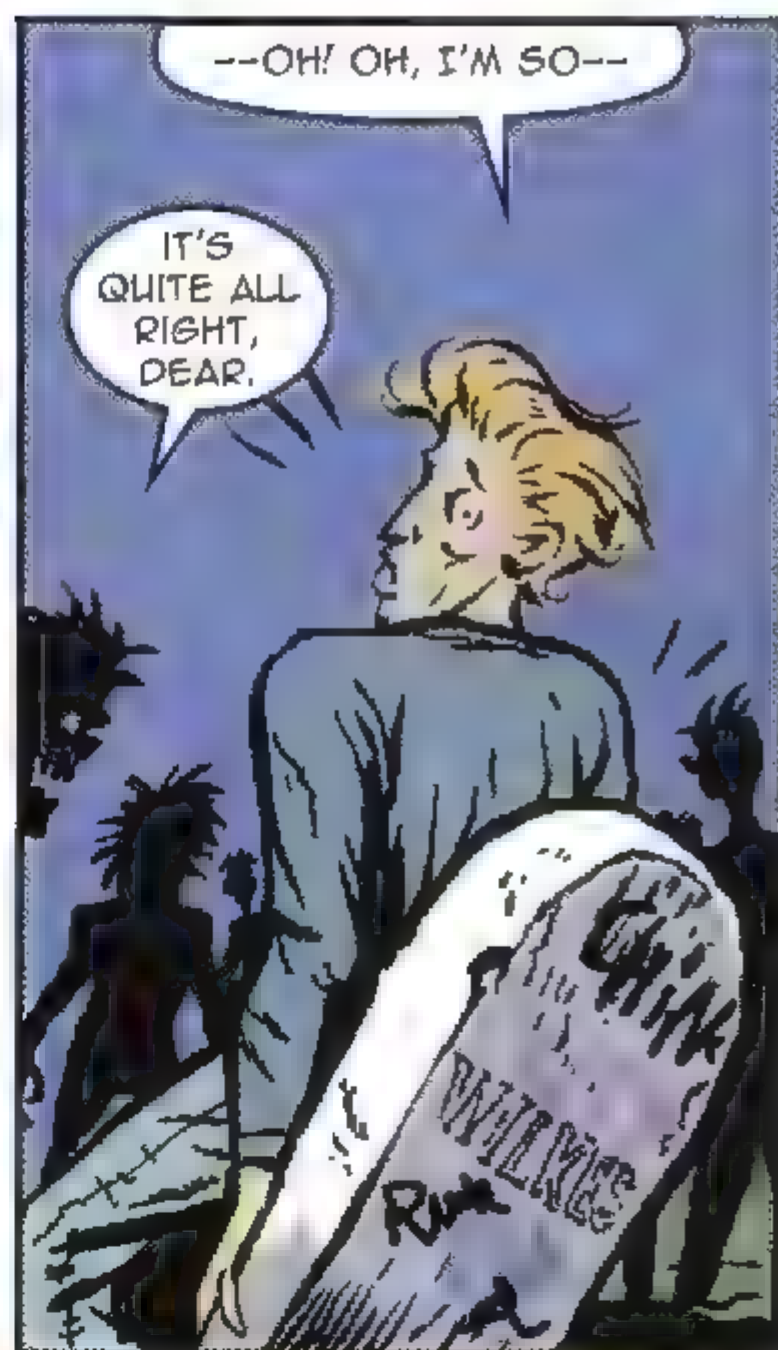
OOOF!



CARETAKER DIED  
SIX MONTHS  
AGO.

SO FIX  
THE LADY'S  
GRAVE,  
'EY?





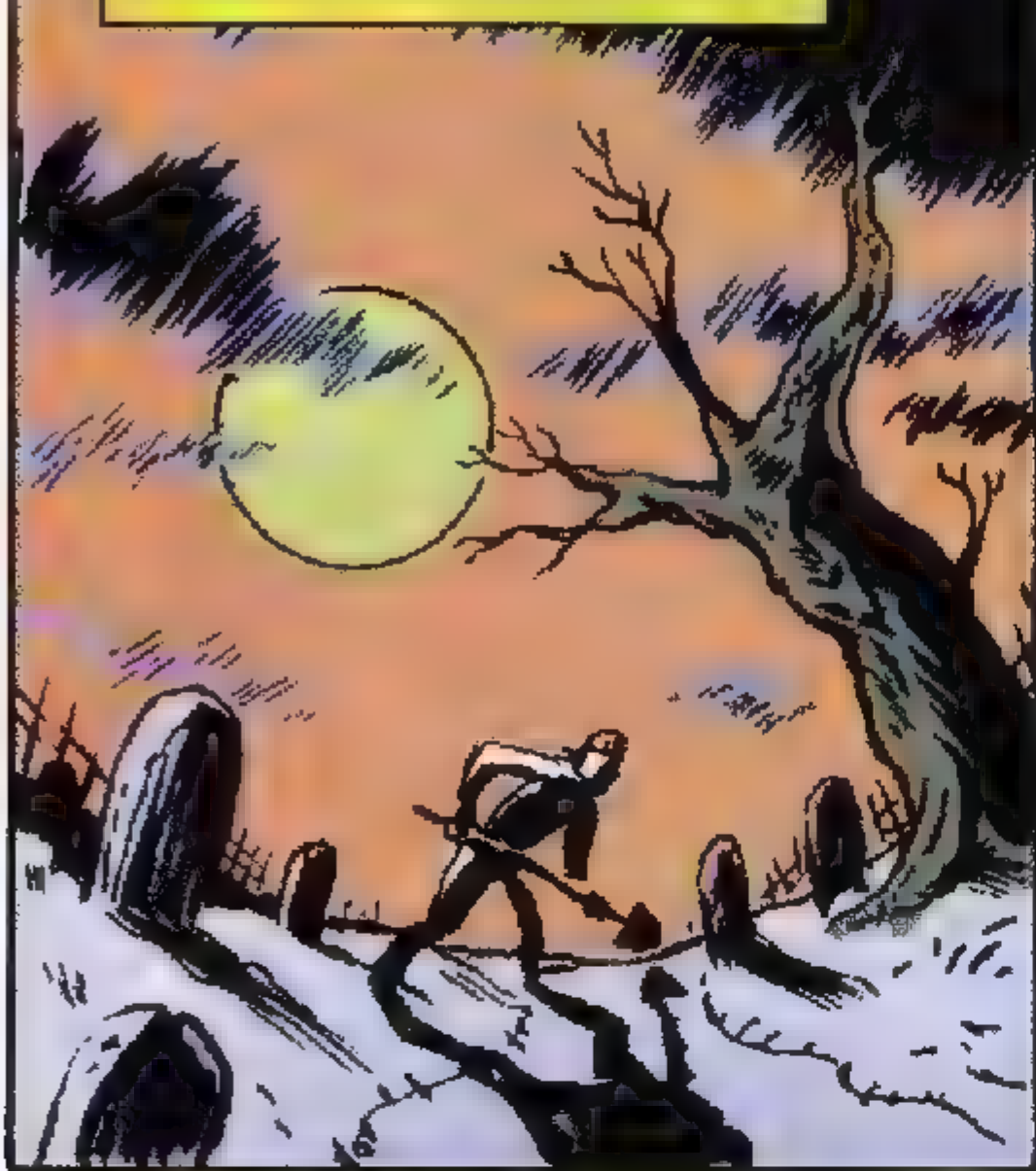






AND SO JAMES WINCHELL CLEANS,  
AND JAMES WINCHELL FIXES.

HE REPAINTS HEADSTONES, TILLS  
MOSS AND CLEANS EACH GRAVE.



HE CLEANS EACH GRAVE AND HOPES THAT  
HIS TENANTS WILL LEAVE HIM BE.



A MONTH GOES  
BY AND JAMES  
WINCHELL RE-  
TURNS TO HIS  
COMFORTABLE  
LIFE AND FANCY  
APARTMENT...



...BUT EACH  
MORNING HE  
RETURNS TO  
666 COLT  
STREET TO FIX  
THE PLOTS,  
MORGUES AND  
CRYPTS.



EACH DAY THE LINE BLURS A LITTLE MORE BETWEEN TENANT  
AND LANDLORD AS JAMES WINCHELL ASSUMES HIS FATE  
AS BOTH CARETAKER AND LANDLORD TO THE DEAD.

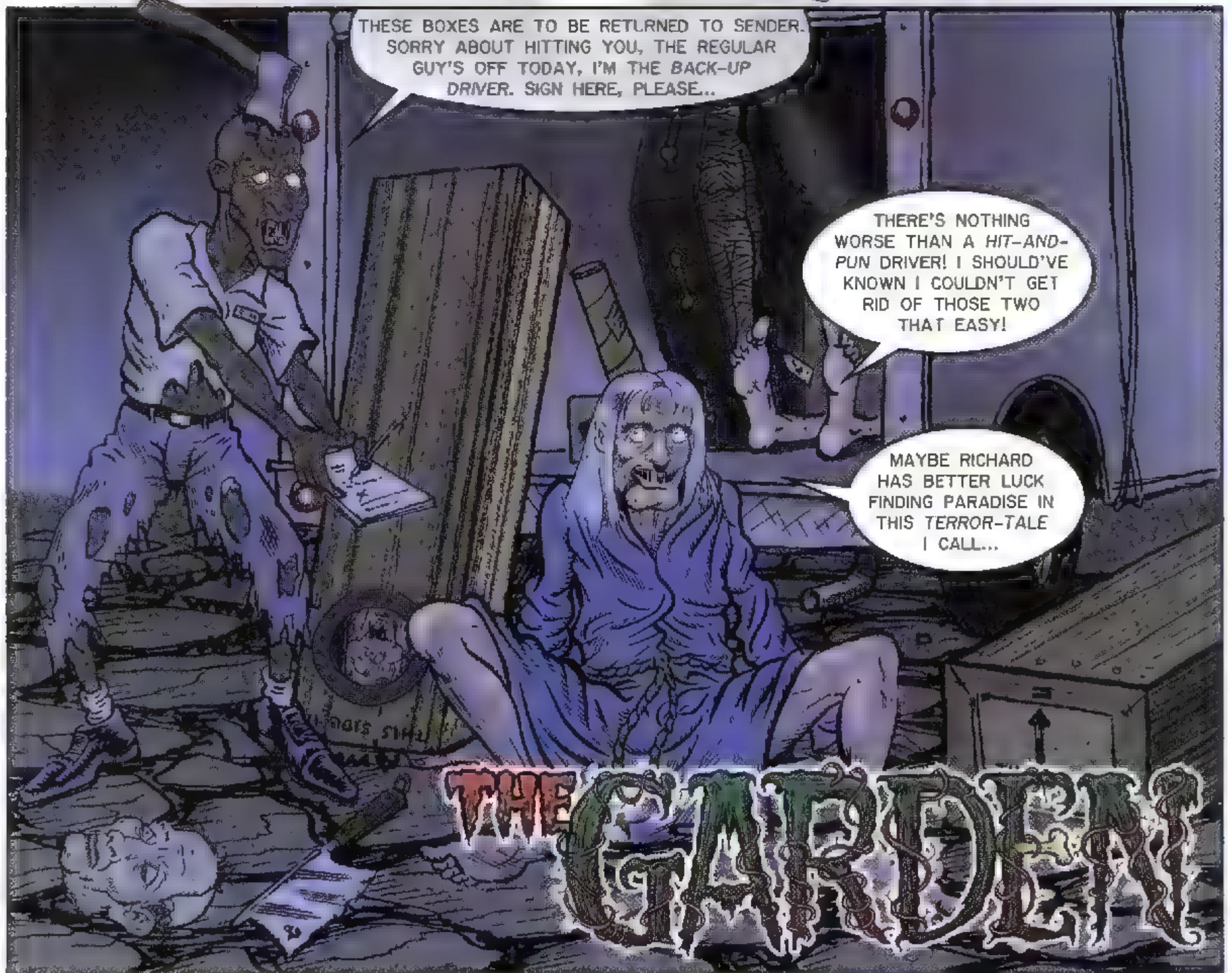
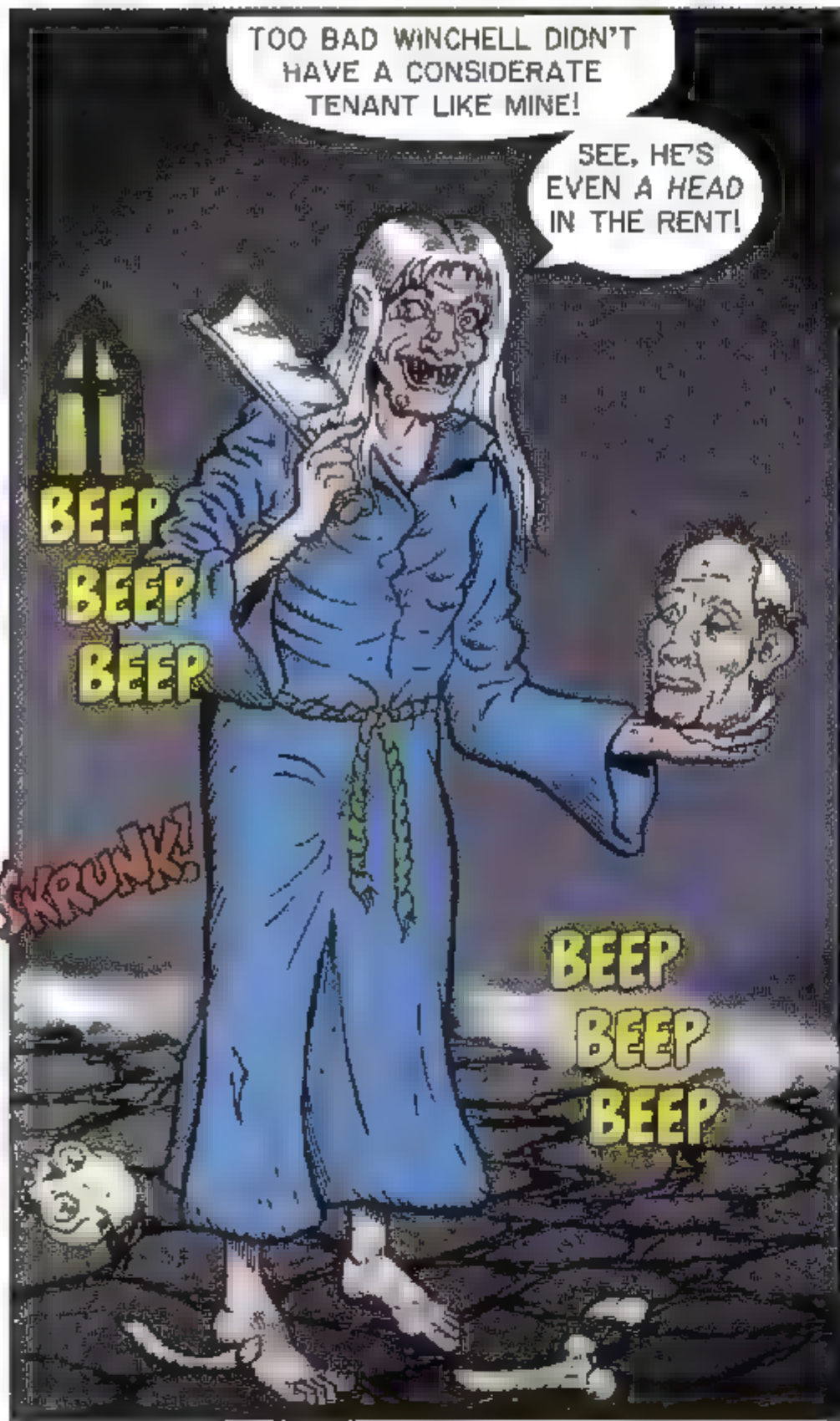


AND SO WE LEAVE JAMES WINCHELL, CHEAPSKATE LANDLORD OF 613 IGER AVENUE AND 666 COLT STREET, MAKING UP FOR A LIFETIME OF POOR CARETAKING BY FINALLY LEARNING TO DO IT PROPERLY, DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT...

...BECAUSE IF HE DOESN'T, LIKE MANY OF HIS PROPERTIES, HE'LL NEVER AGAIN SEE BETTER DAYS.



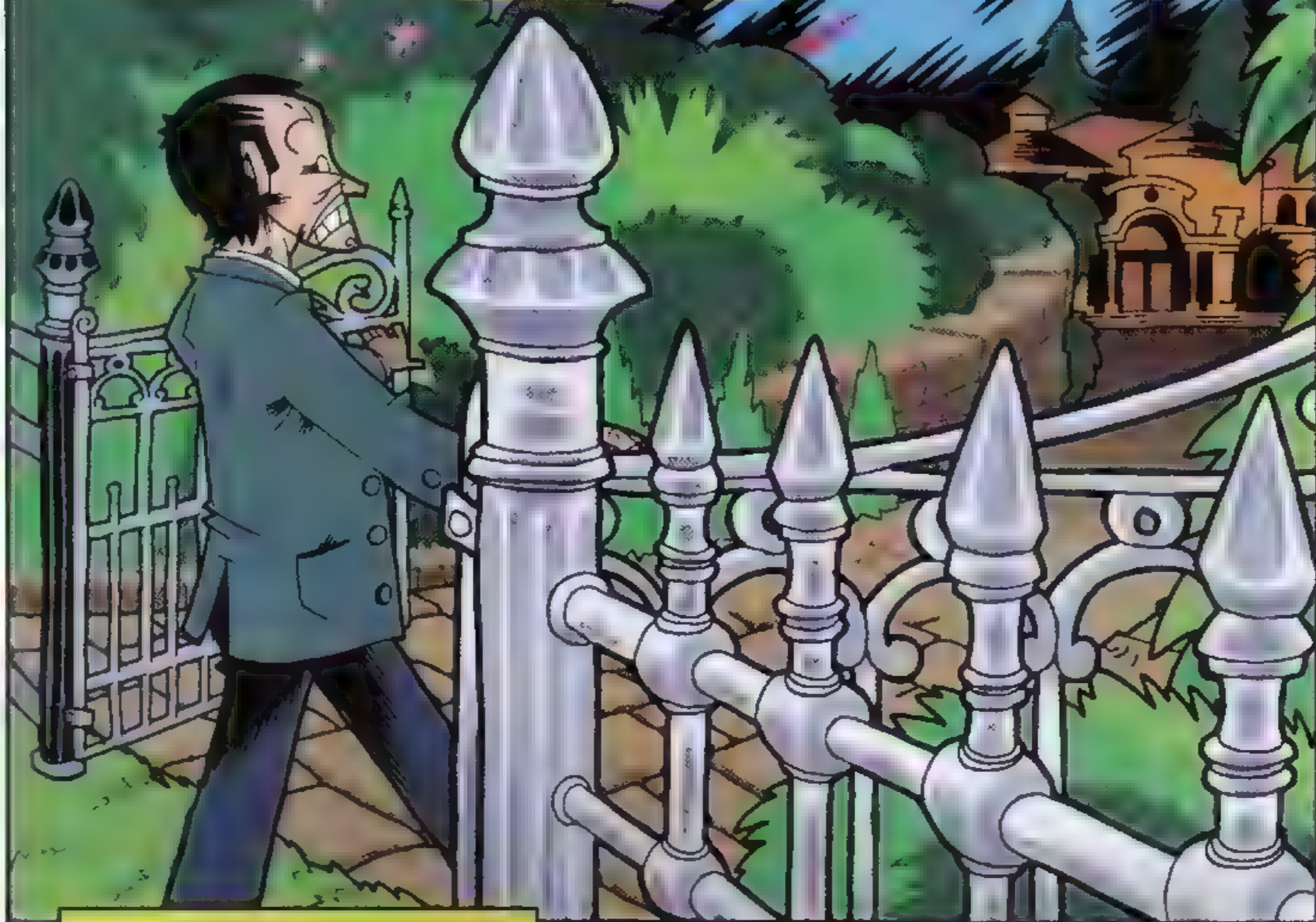






THE GATE DOESN'T CREAK  
WHEN YOU OPEN IT FOR  
SOME REASON THIS FACT  
LEAPS OUT AT YOU AS  
SOON AS YOU ARRIVE,  
DOESN'T IT, RICHARD?

THE HINGES ARE WELL  
OILED, A FRESH COAT  
OF PAINT GLISTENS,  
AND THERE'S NOT A  
SPOT OF RUST ON IT.



THE SWEETNESS OF WILDFLOWERS  
BOBBING IN THE SUN TICKLE YOUR  
NOSE, THE CHIRPING OF TINY SONG-  
BIRDS COMFORTS YOUR EARS.

THE TREE BOUGHS,  
THEY DROOP WITH  
FRUIT...

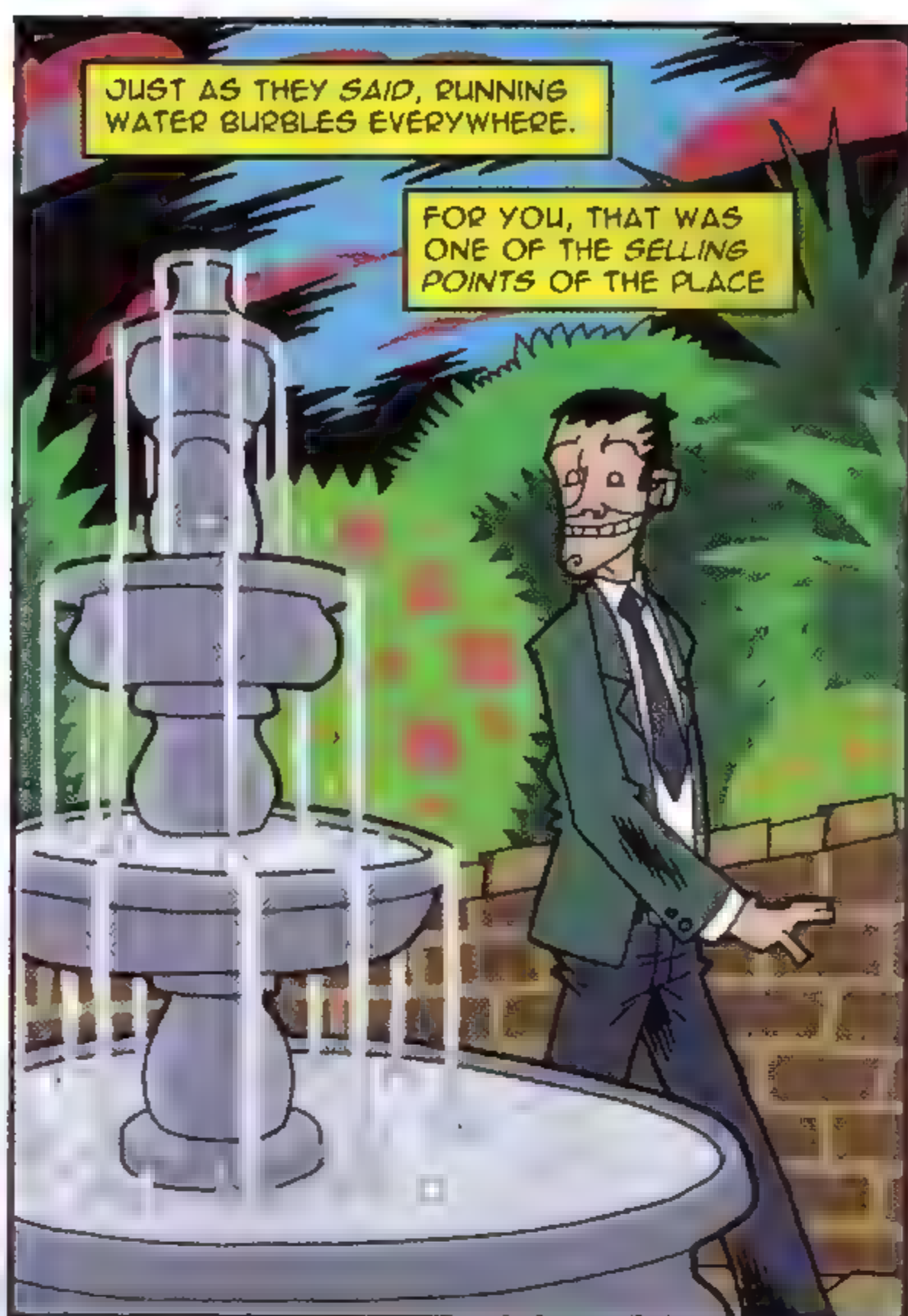






...MORE SUCCULENT THAN ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER TASTED BEFORE.

THICK CURLS OF GRAPEVINES SMOTHER THE SURROUNDING WALLS, RIPE FOR THE VINEYARD



JUST AS THEY SAID, RUNNING WATER BUBBLES EVERYWHERE.

FOR YOU, THAT WAS ONE OF THE SELLING POINTS OF THE PLACE

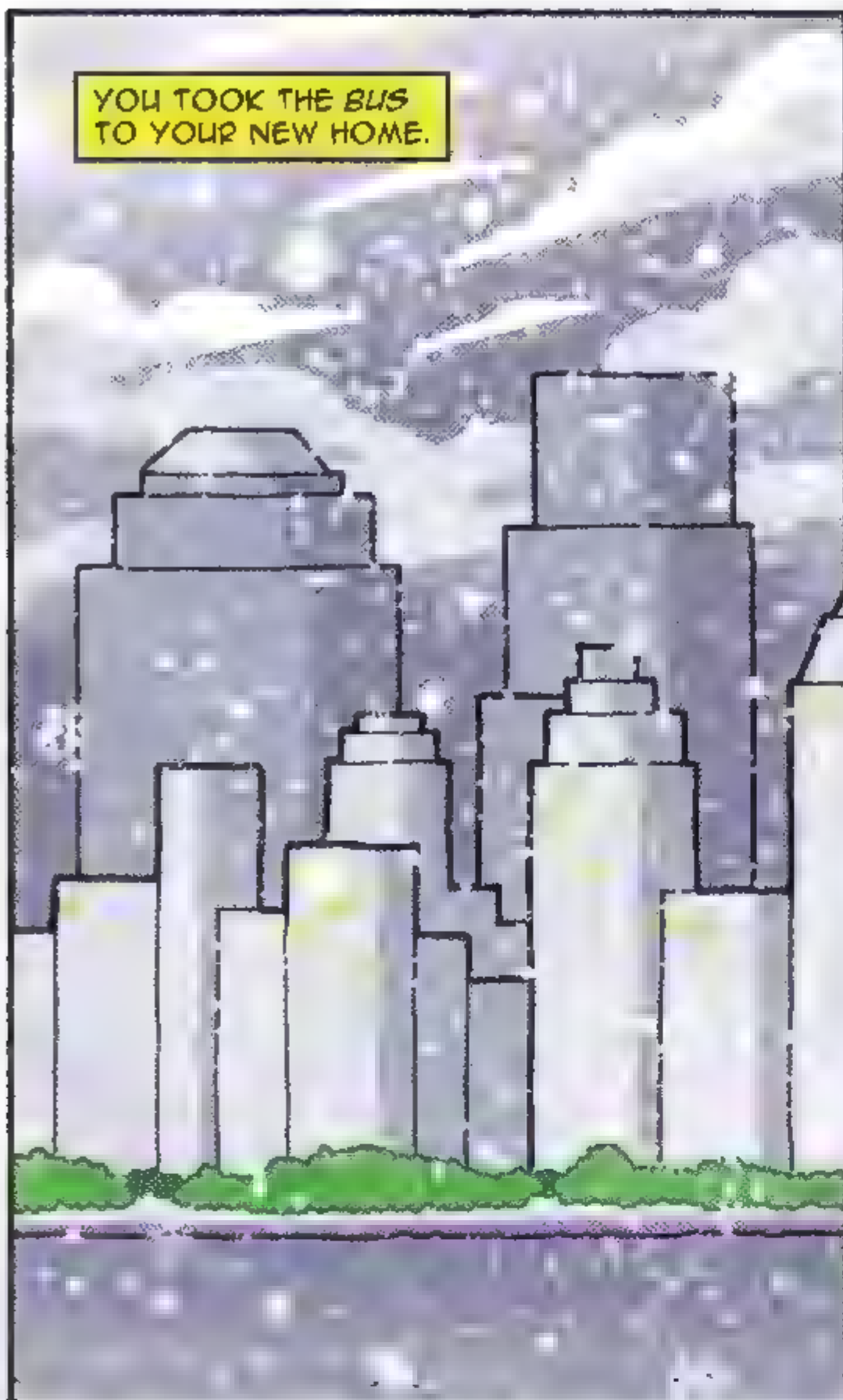


YES EVERYTHING IN THIS GARDEN, YOUR GARDEN, CONFORMS PRECISELY TO YOUR SPECIFICATIONS...

...EVEN THOUGH YOU'VE NEVER LAID EYES ON IT BEFORE.



YOU TOOK THE *BUS*  
TO YOUR NEW HOME.



YOU PACKED LIGHTLY  
FOR THE TRIP.



YOU HAD PLANNED FOR THE JOURNEY FOR  
WEEKS, MADE ALL OF THE ARRANGEMENTS, SET  
THE AFFAIRS OF YOUR OLD LIFE IN ORDER...



...BUT STILL, WHEN THE MOMENT OF EMBAR-  
KATION WAS SET RIGHT BEFORE YOU, WHERE  
YOU COULD SEE IT PLAIN ..





...YOU HESITATED.



WHO WOULDN'T?

C'MON,  
MAN, I'M BEHIND  
SCHEDULE AS  
IT IS.

IN OR  
OUT?



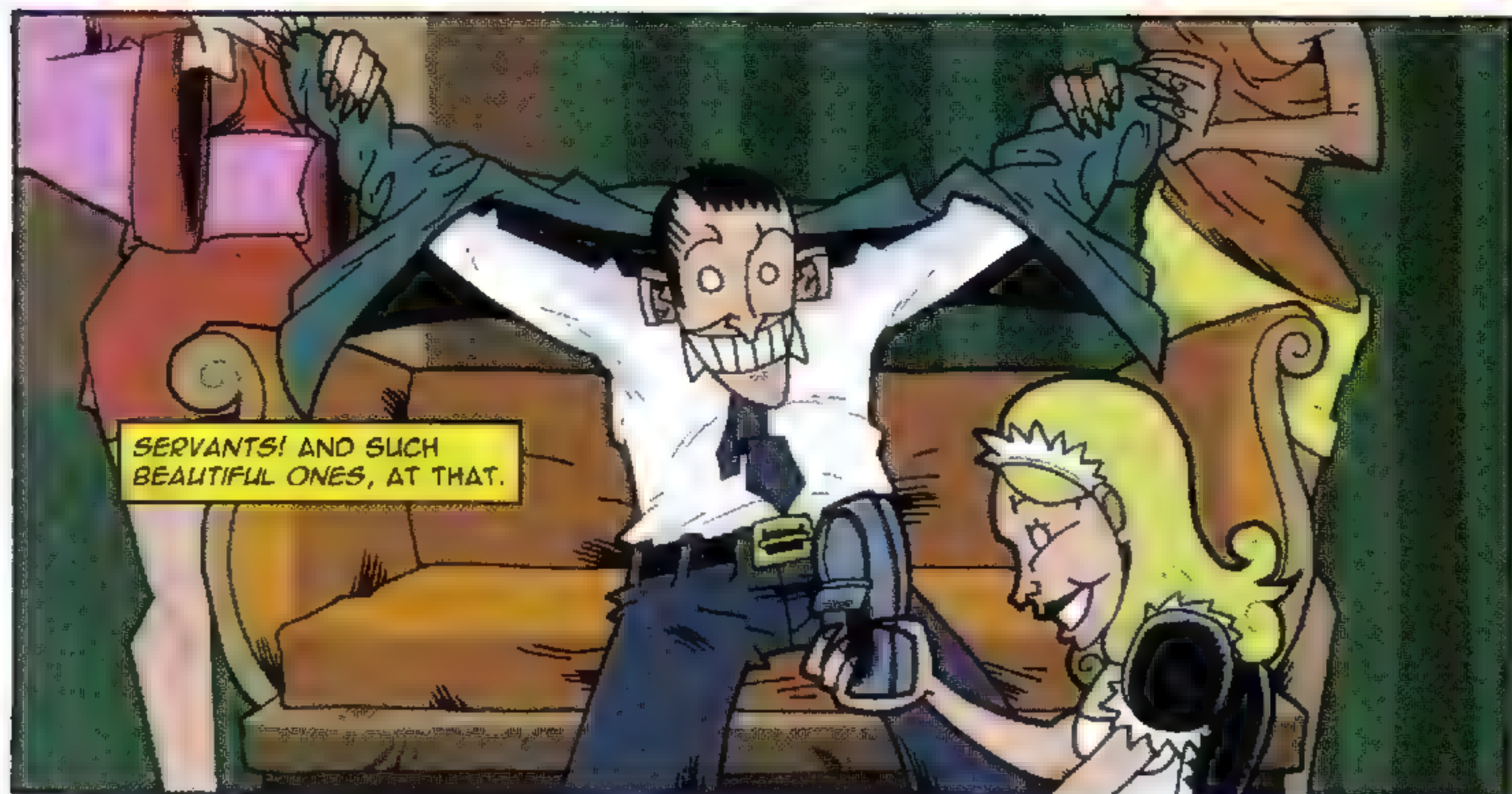
BUT YOUR MOMENT OF  
HESITATION WAS ONLY THAT



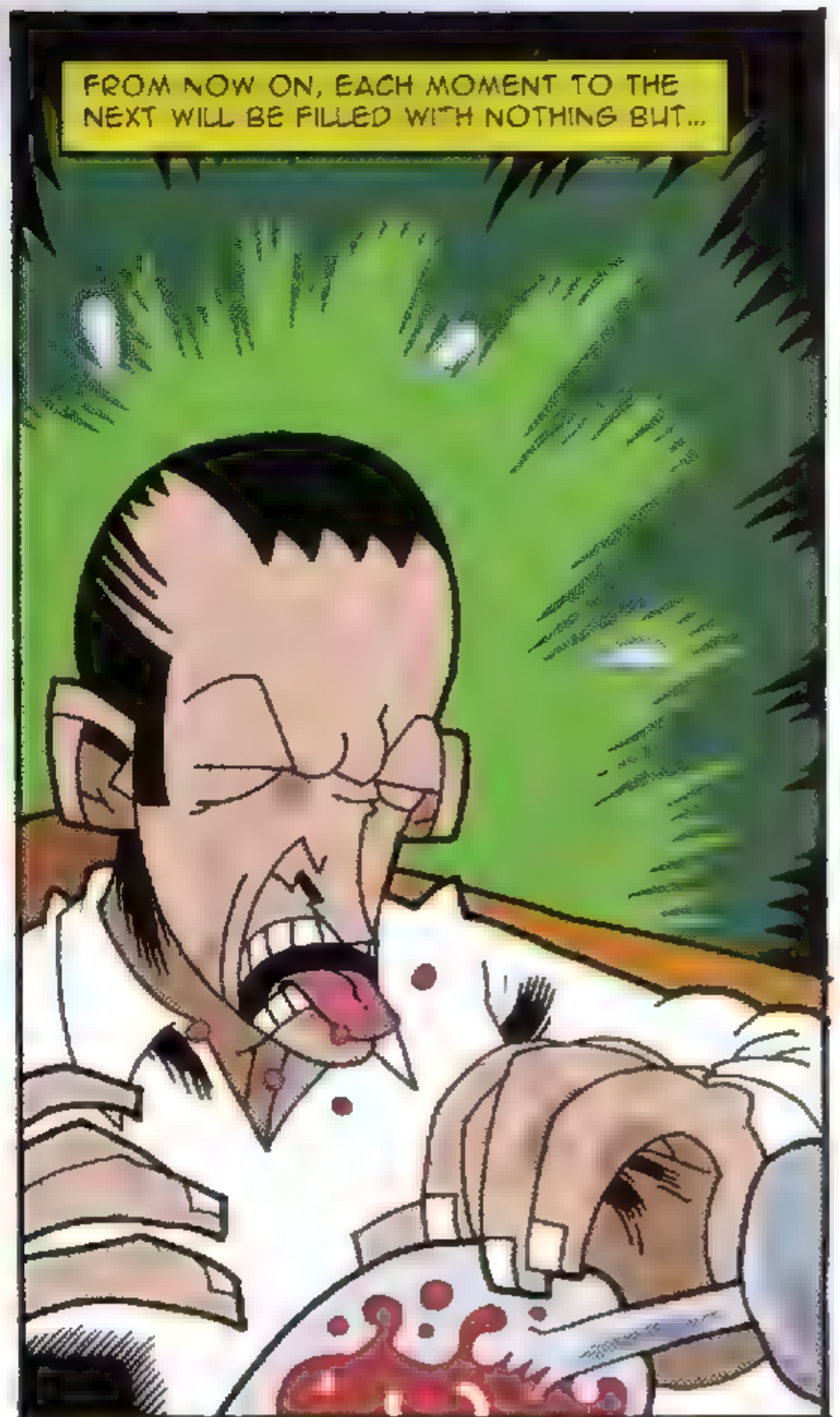
A MOMENT.















...LUXURY?



AAAAH!!

WHAT--  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING?



WHAT'S THE MATTER,  
RICHARD?

AM I NOT  
HITTING THE  
RIGHT SPOT?



DID YOU NOT LIKE YOUR  
WINE, RICHARD?

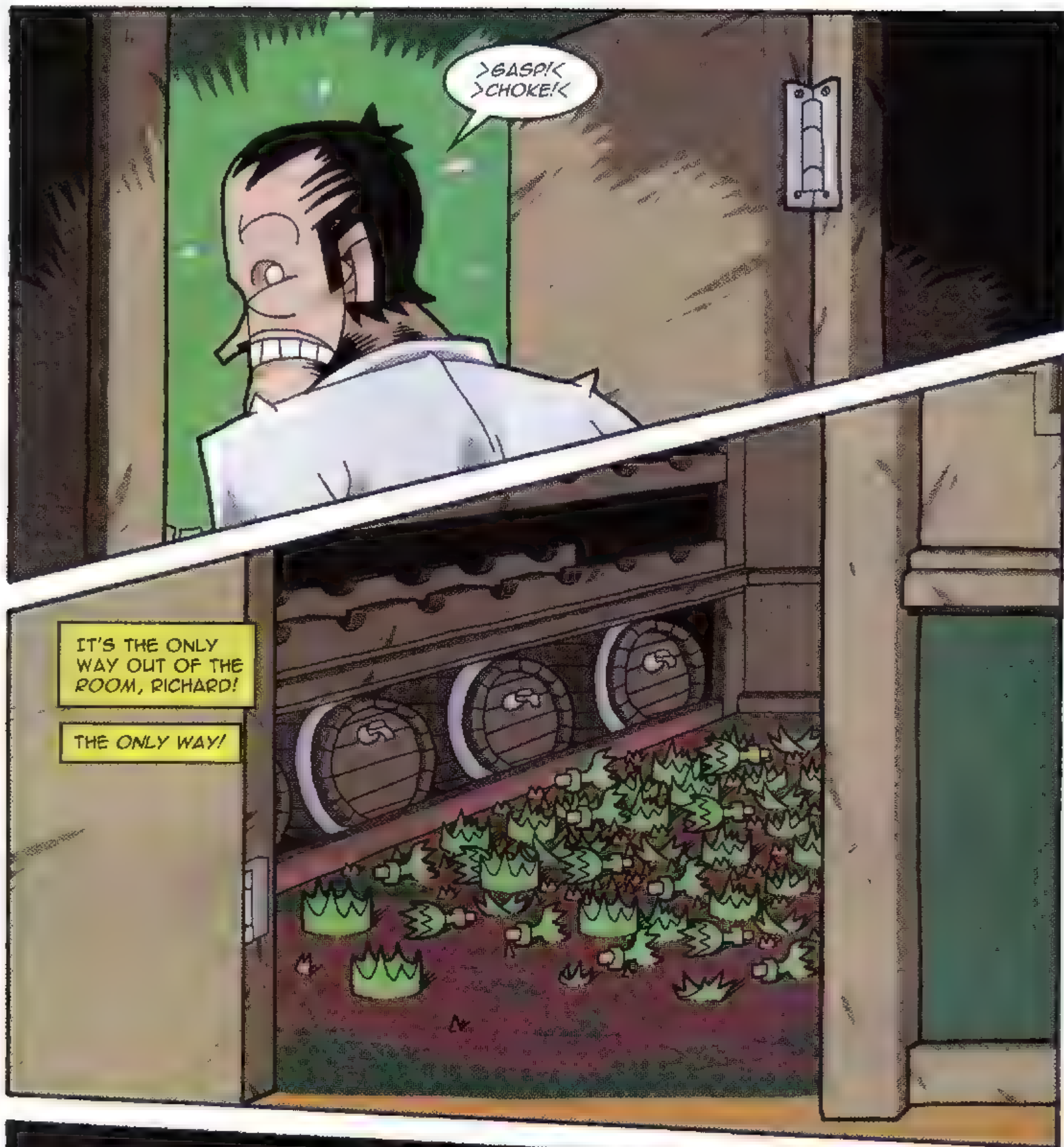
I'M SO  
DISAPPOINTED.

SO VERY, VERY  
DISAPPOINTED.











DIDN'T THINK SO!



YOUR THROBBING FEET SLIP  
AND SLIDE AND SKID ON THE  
SUDDEN SLICKNESS OF THE  
FLOOR!

YOUR PURSUERS, HOWEVER,  
ARE NOT SO HINDERED.



IT'S EVEN MORE PAINFUL THAN YOU  
THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE, WHICH  
YOU DIDN'T THINK POSSIBLE.

JAGGED GLASS CUTTING,  
SLICING, TEARING...



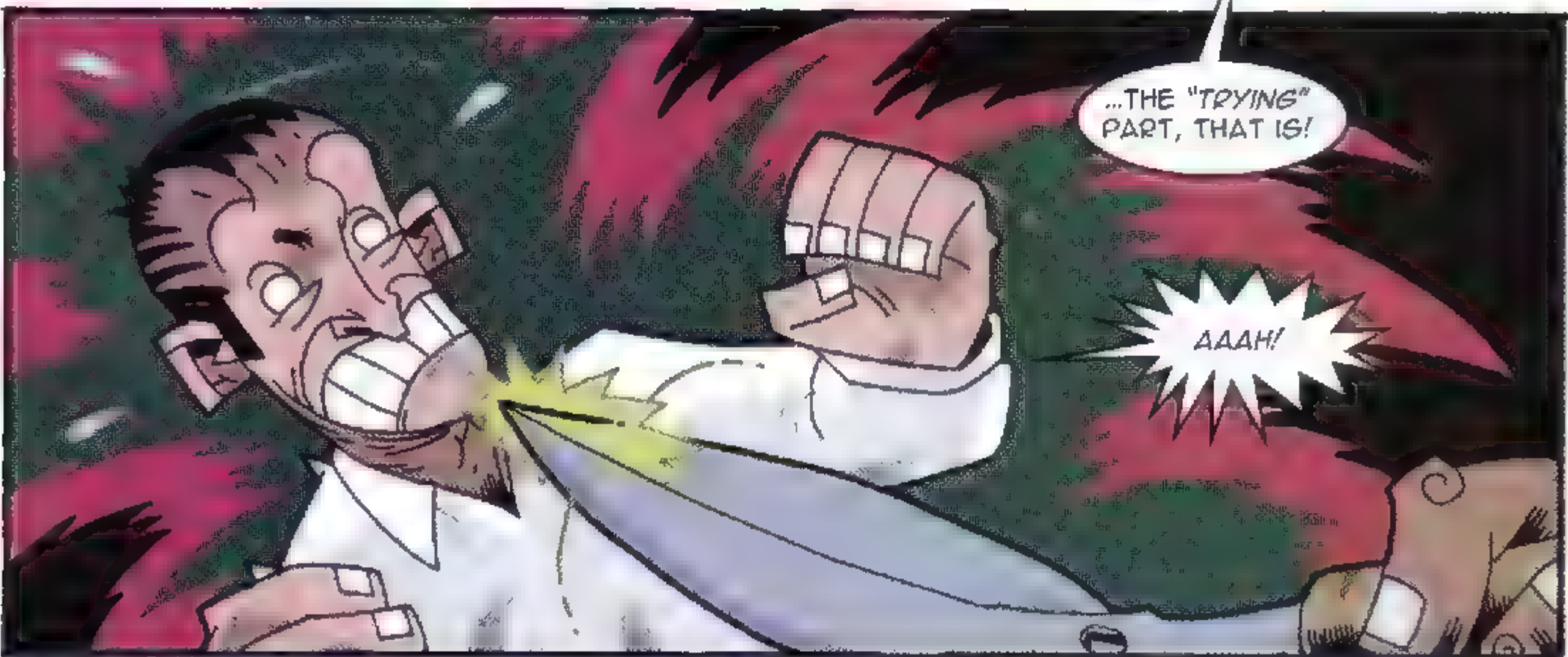
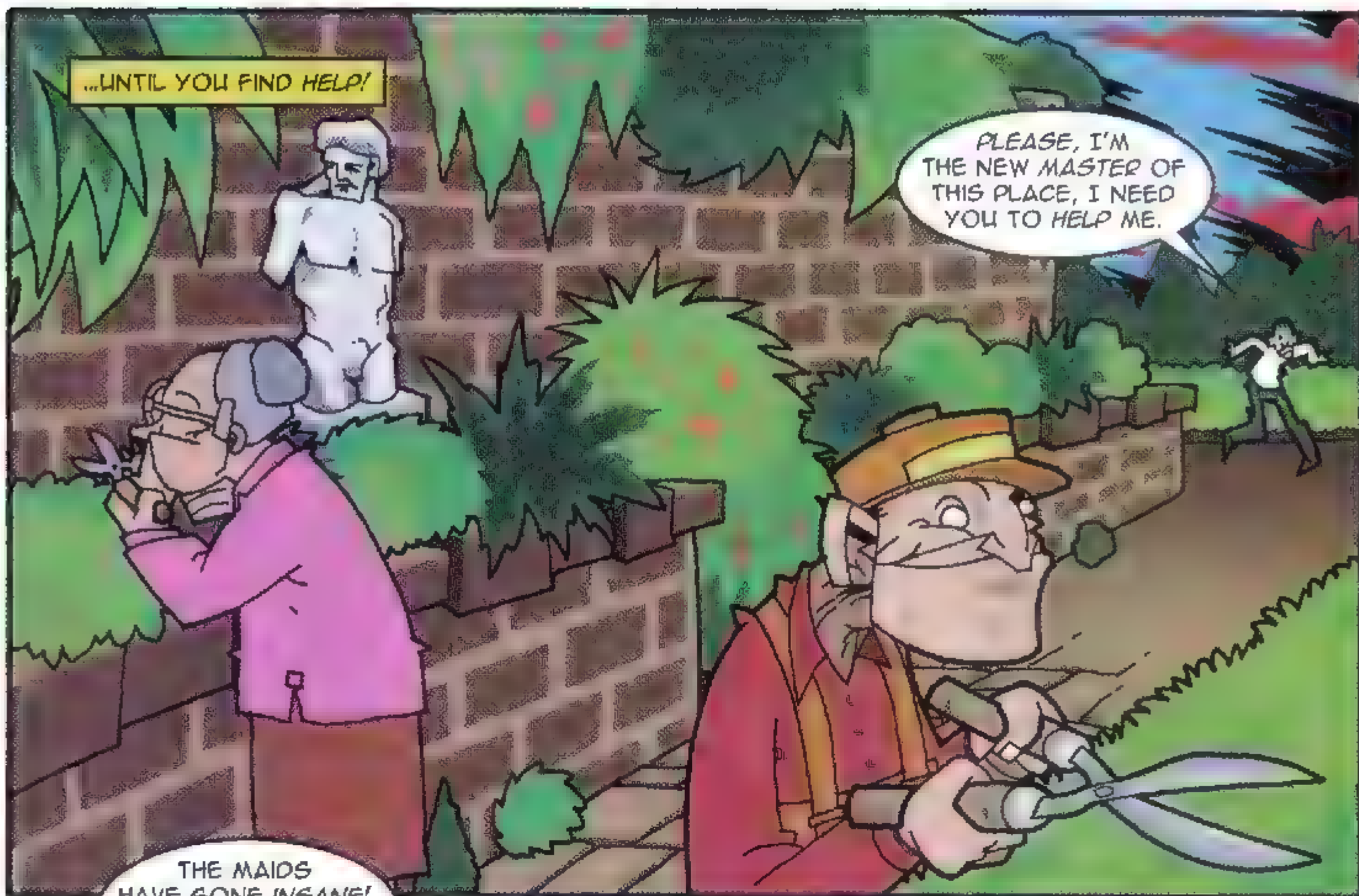
THIS IS NO TIME TO CATCH  
YOUR BREATH, RICHARD! YOU  
CAN HEAR THE CRUNCHING OF  
THEIR HEAVY BOOTS ON THE  
GLASS RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

KEEP RUNNING, RICHARD!!

DON'T STOP...



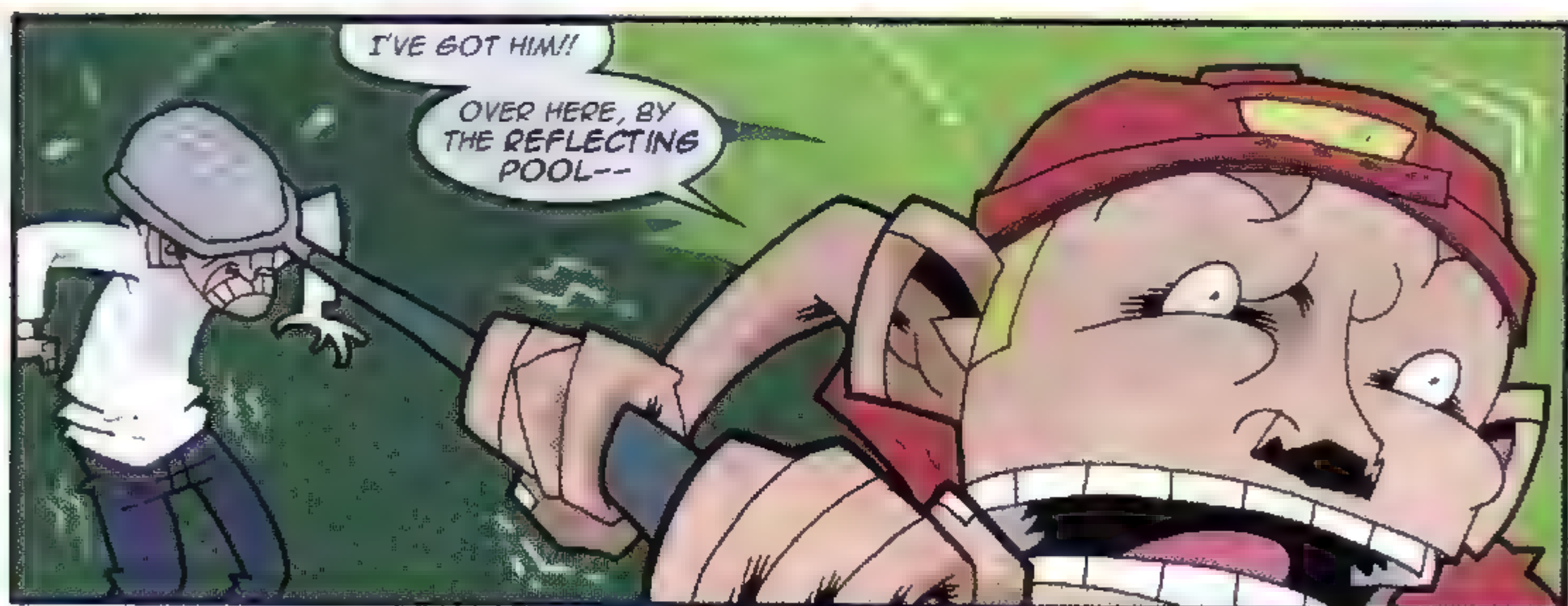
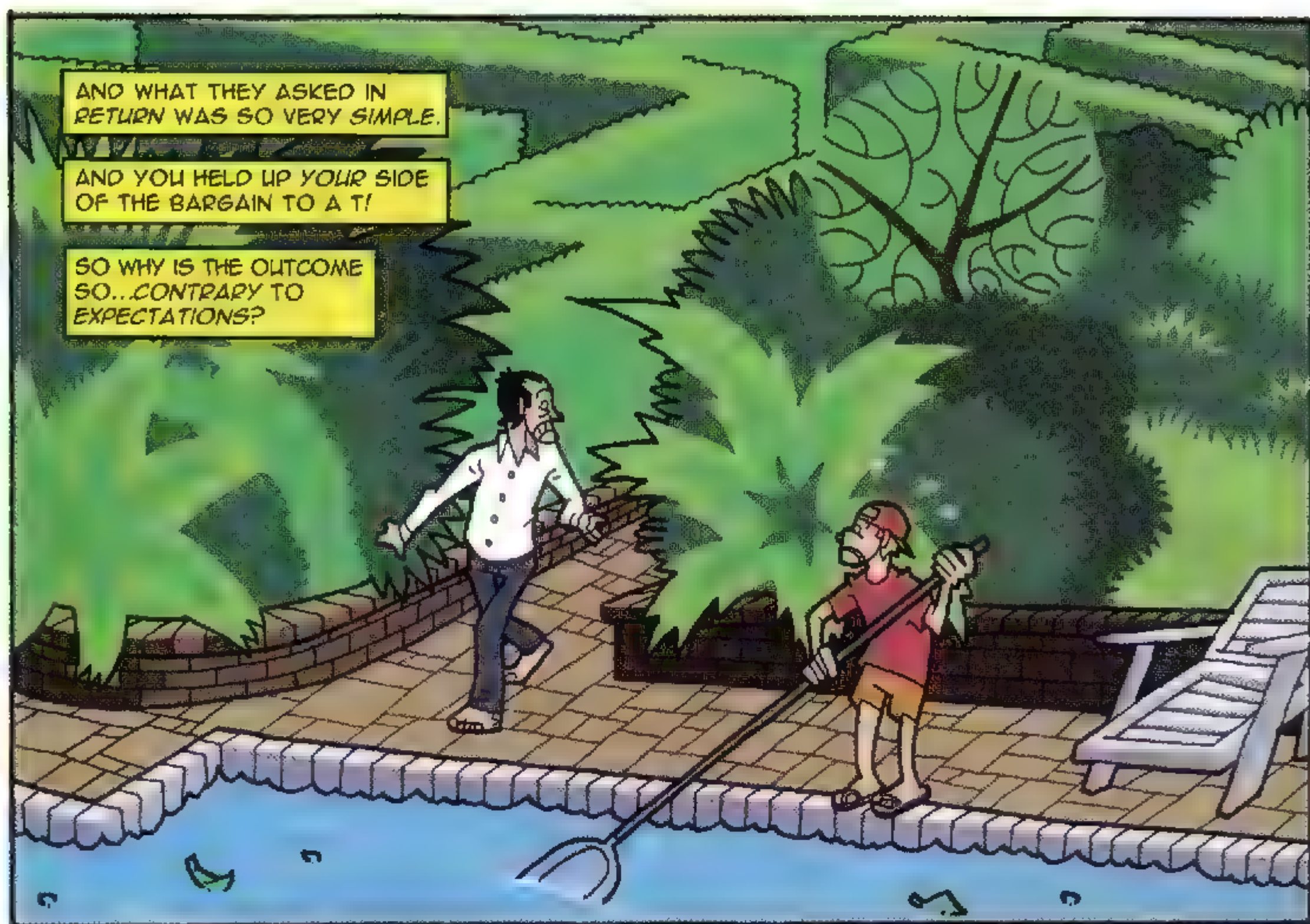








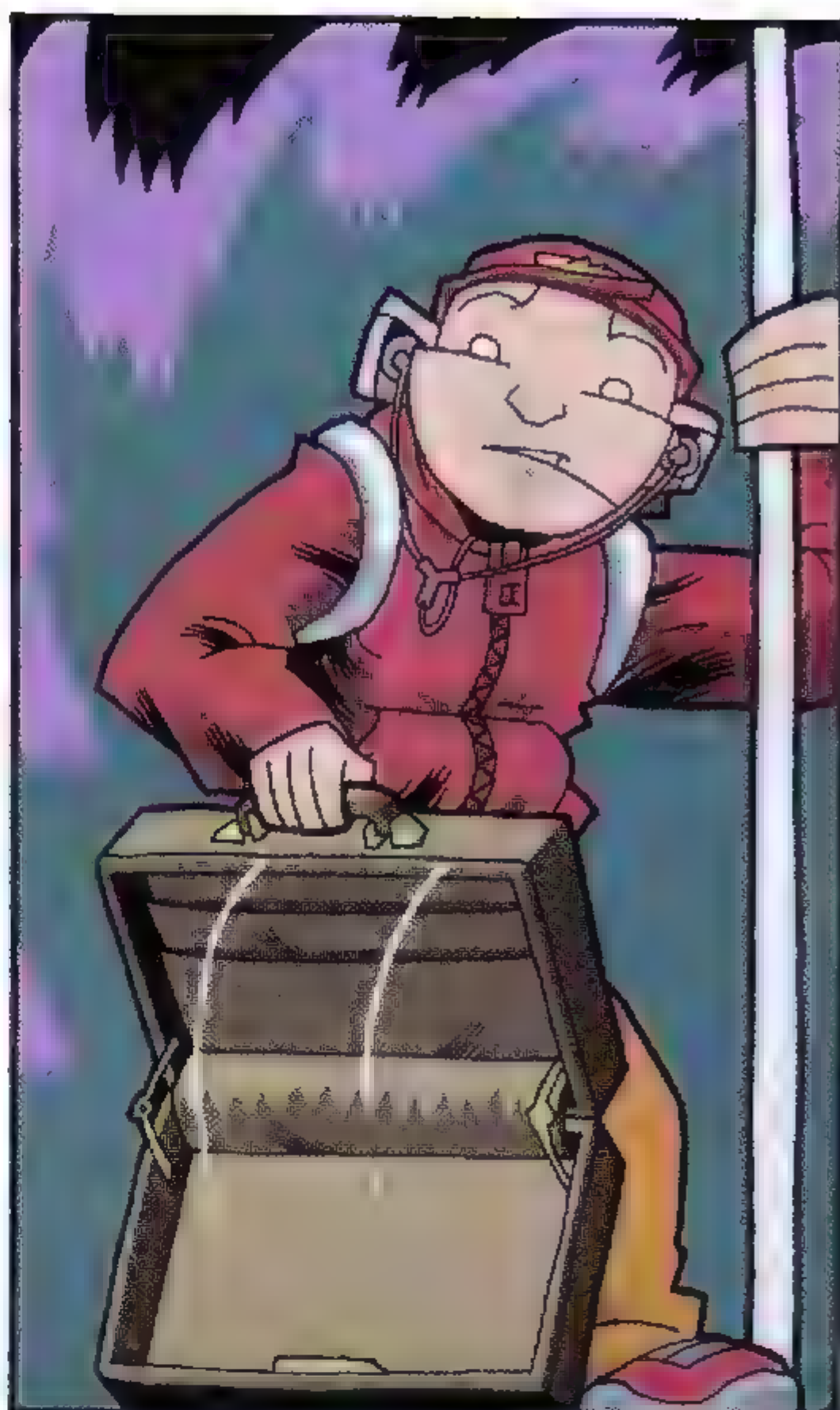












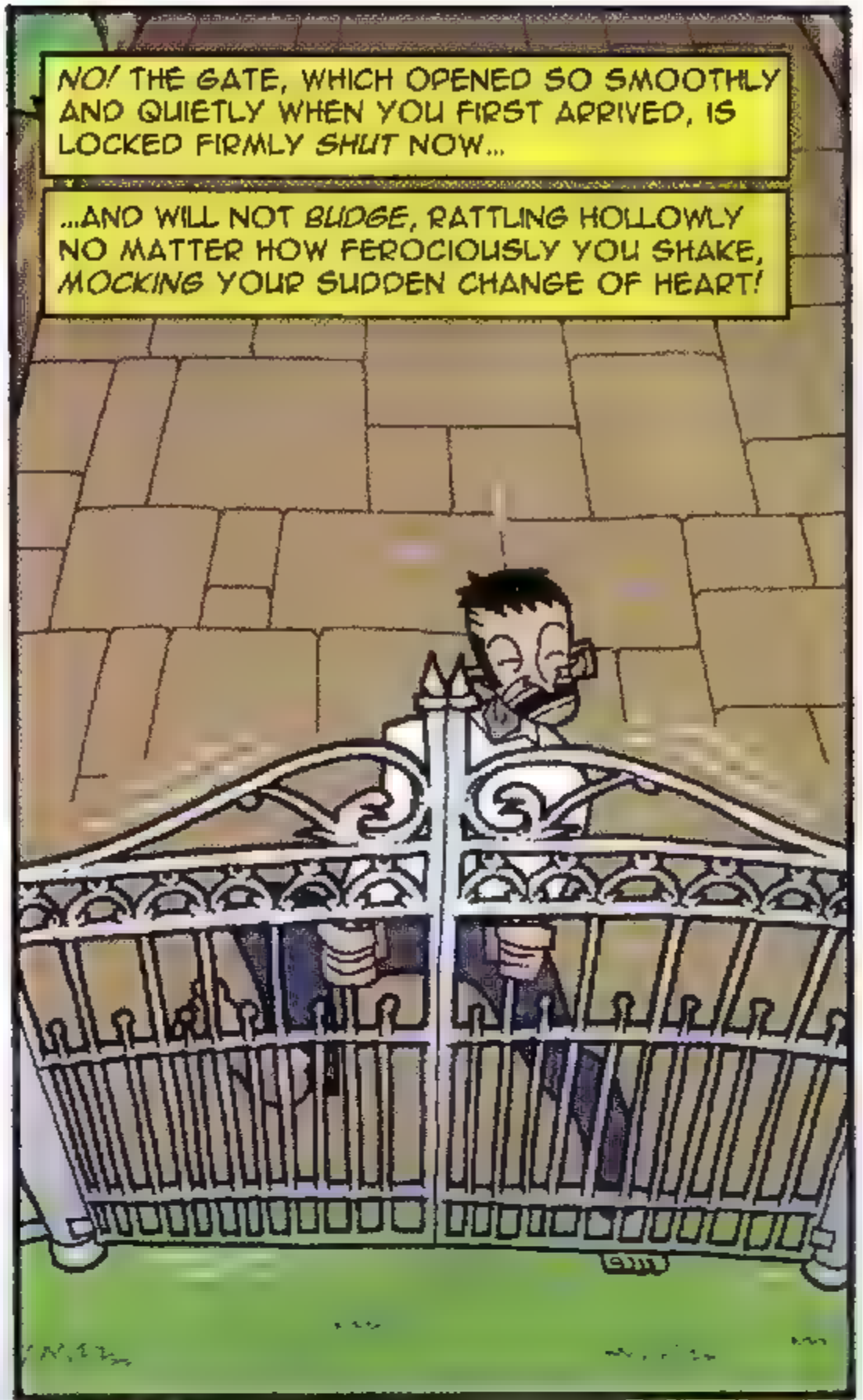




ESCAPE! THAT'S ALL THAT BURNS  
IN YOUR BRAIN NOW!

YOUR DREAMS OF  
LUXURY--FORGOTTEN!

PAST GLORIES--  
CRUMBLED INTO DUST!



NO! THE GATE, WHICH OPENED SO SMOOTHLY  
AND QUIETLY WHEN YOU FIRST ARRIVED, IS  
LOCKED FIRMLY SHUT NOW...

...AND WILL NOT BUDGE, RATTLING HOLLOWLY  
NO MATTER HOW FEROCIOUSLY YOU SHAKE,  
MOCKING YOUR SUDDEN CHANGE OF HEART!

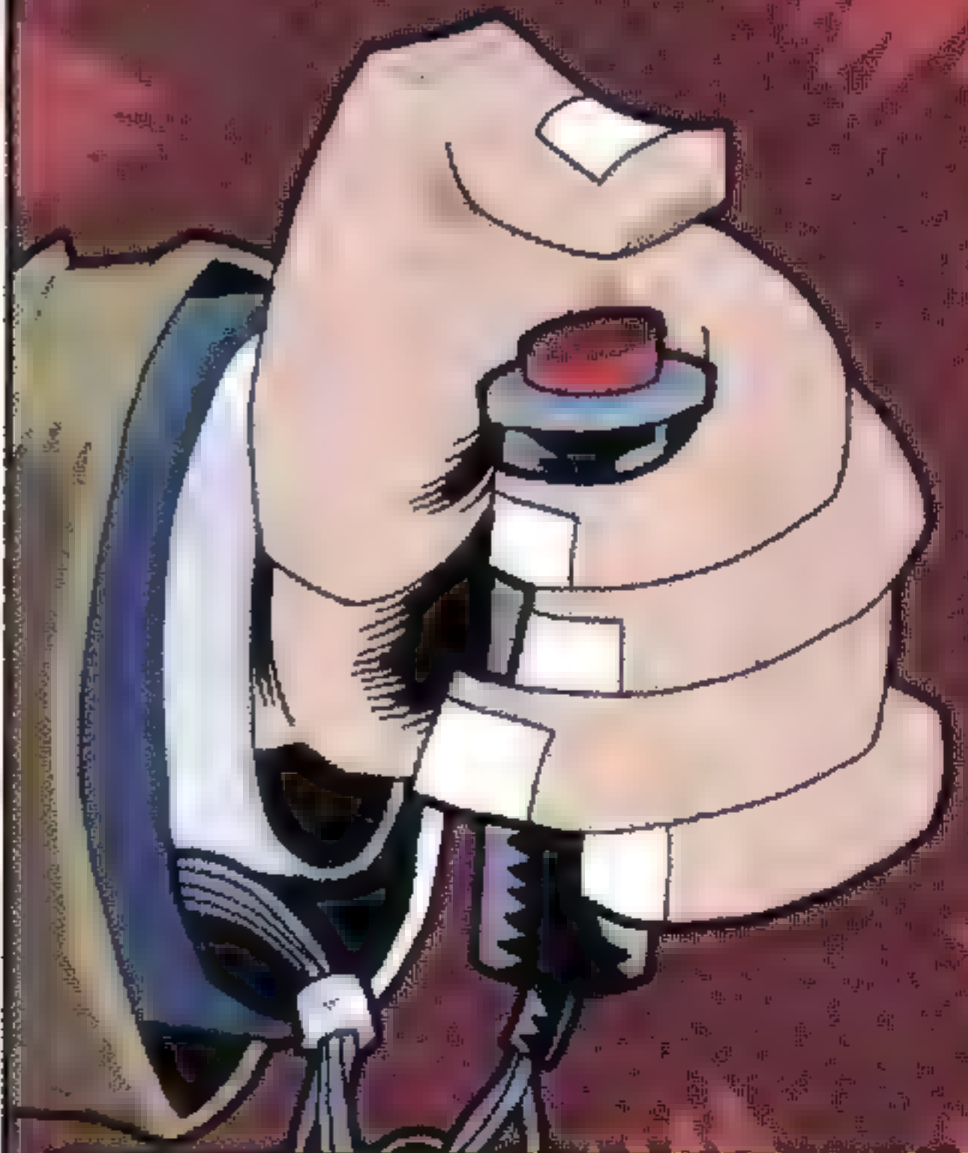


YOU HAD NO SUCH CHANGE OF  
HEART ONCE YOU WERE ACTUALLY  
ON THE BUS, THOUGH, DID YOU,  
RICHARD?

NO...YOUR NEW FRIENDS HELPED  
YOU MAKE THE VIDEO THE NIGHT  
BEFORE, THE ONE WHERE YOU  
TOLD THE NEWS MEDIA...



...AS WELL AS YOUR PARENTS, WHO NEVER QUITE UNDERSTOOD YOU...THE GIRLFRIENDS WHO DRIFTED AWAY FROM YOU AND YOUR COLDNESS...



...THE NEIGHBORS WHO SHUNNED YOU AS SOME KIND OF WEIRDO...THE CO-WORKERS, THE BOSS WHO NEVER SAW YOU AS ANYTHING OTHER THAN A FACELESS COG...

...ALL THE WAY UP TO THE POLITICIANS AND THE GENERALS, THEIR HANDS DRIPPING WITH THE BLOOD OF INNOCENTS...

...THE PURVEYORS OF SMUT THAT PASSES FOR ENTERTAINMENT THESE DAYS...



...YOU TOLD THEM ALL IN YOUR VIDEO, DIDN'T YOU, RICHARD? YOU TOLD THEM THE COMMITMENT YOU HAD MADE!

SO YOU COULDN'T LET YOURSELF BE ARRESTED, NOW COULD YOU, BEFORE YOUR TASK WAS COMPLETED? WITH THAT VIDEO AS CONCRETE EVIDENCE OF YOUR FAILURE?

THE HUMILIATION WOULD BE WORSE THAN ANYTHING YOU COULD IMAGINE--



--THE SHAME THAT YOU HAD BOTCHED THE ONE, SIMPLE DUTY YOUR NEW FRIENDS, YOUR FELLOW WARRIORS HAD ENTRUSTED YOU WITH--





--TO BECOME A  
SUICIDE BOMBER!







NO...IT'S NOT  
FAIR...

...THEY  
SAID...IF I DID  
WHAT THEY SAID...I'D  
GAIN...AUTOMATIC  
ENTRY...

...INTO  
PARADISE...



INCREDIBLE! THE WOUNDS ON YOUR FEET--THEY  
HEALED ALMOST AS SOON AS YOU RECEIVED THEM.

BUT THEN, PERHAPS...THAT  
WOULD STAND TO REASON.

AFTER ALL, NO ONE CAN DIE  
IN THE AFTERLIFE.



FOR THE AFTERLIFE IS WHAT THIS IS.

BUT PARADISE?



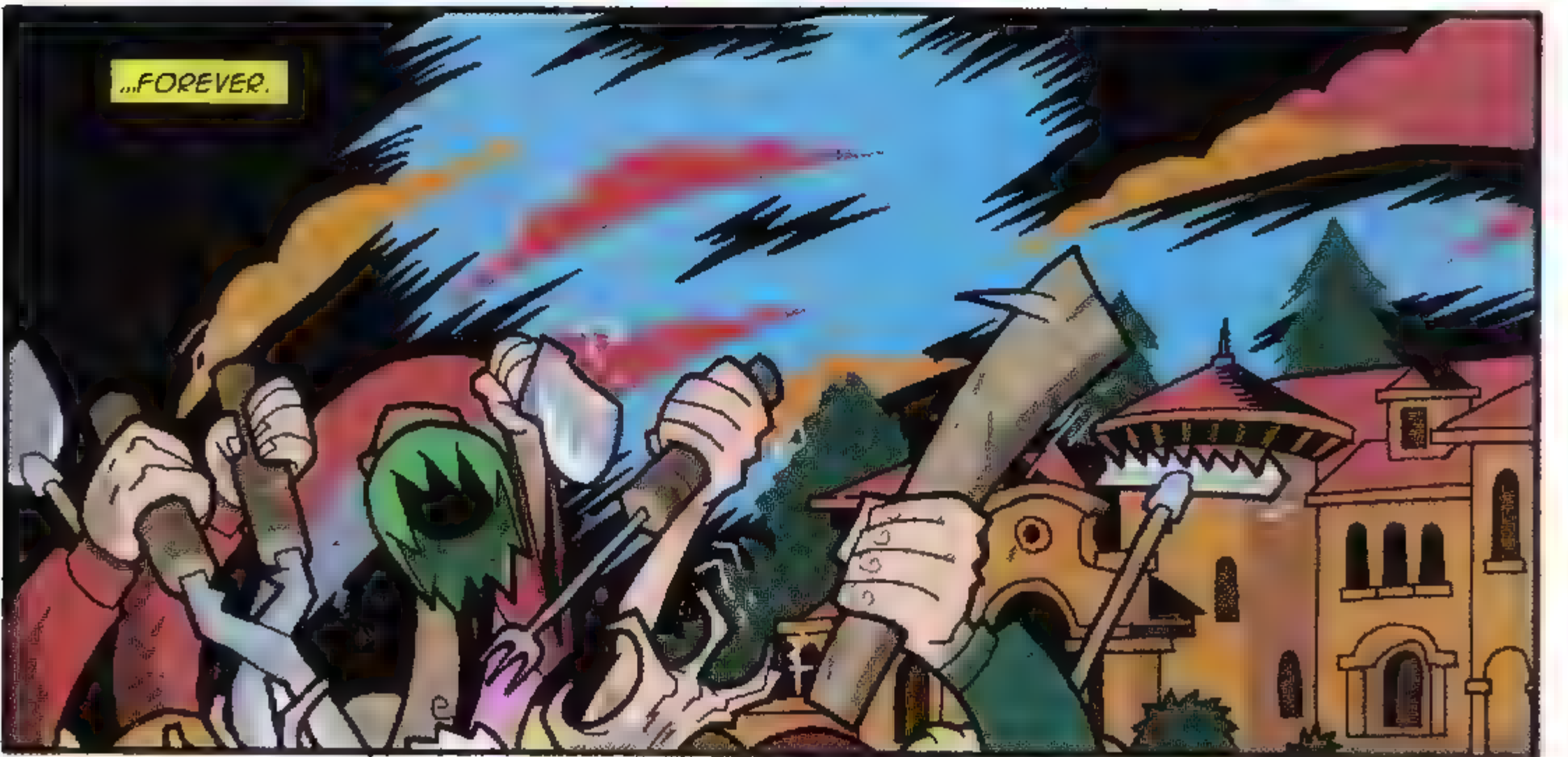
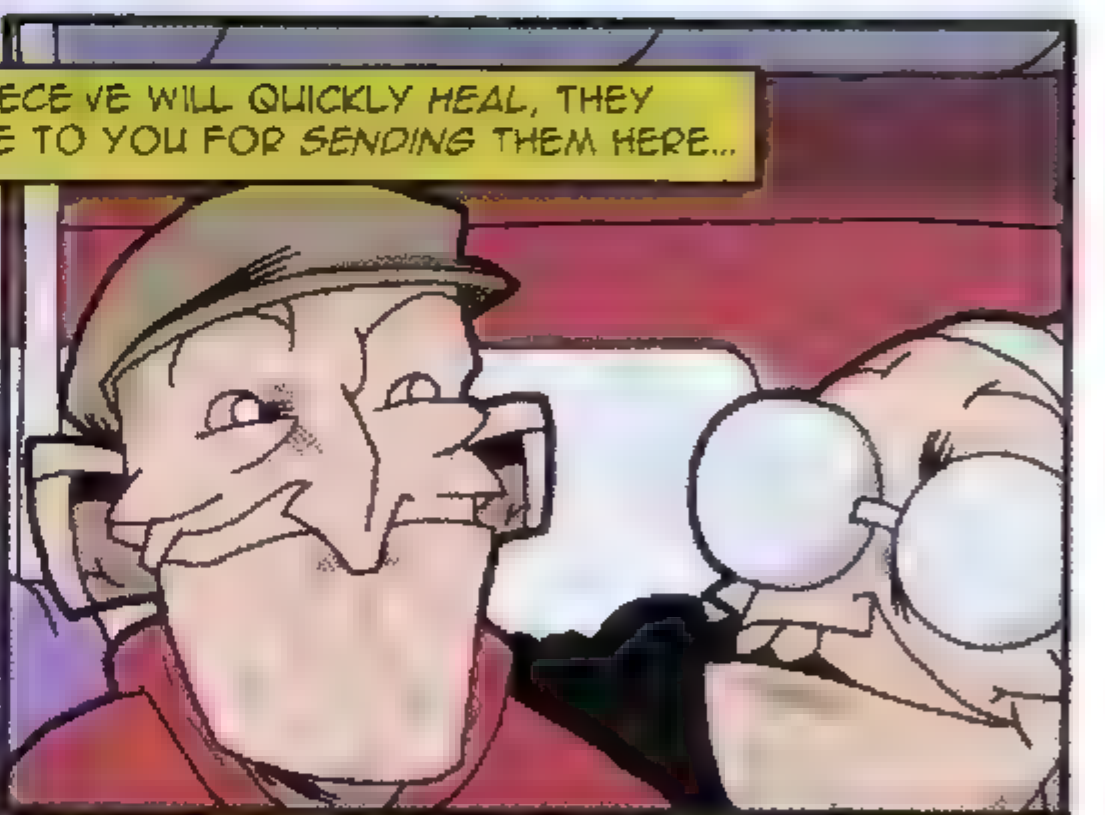
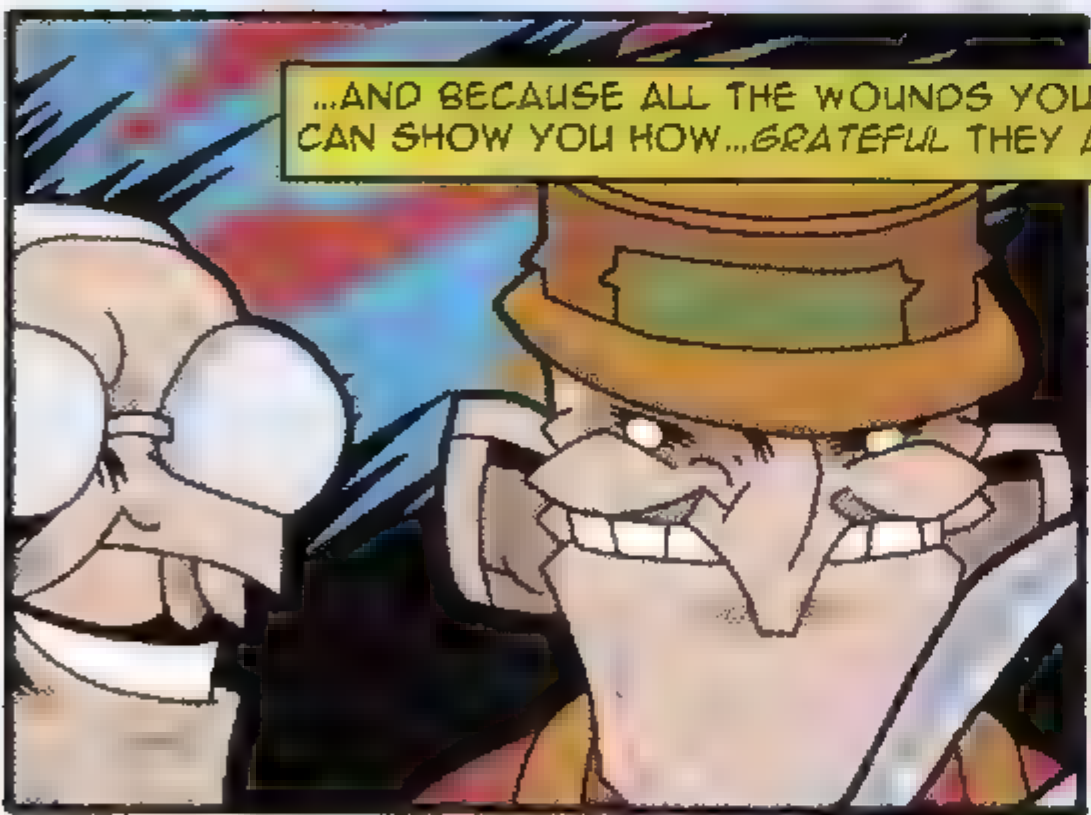
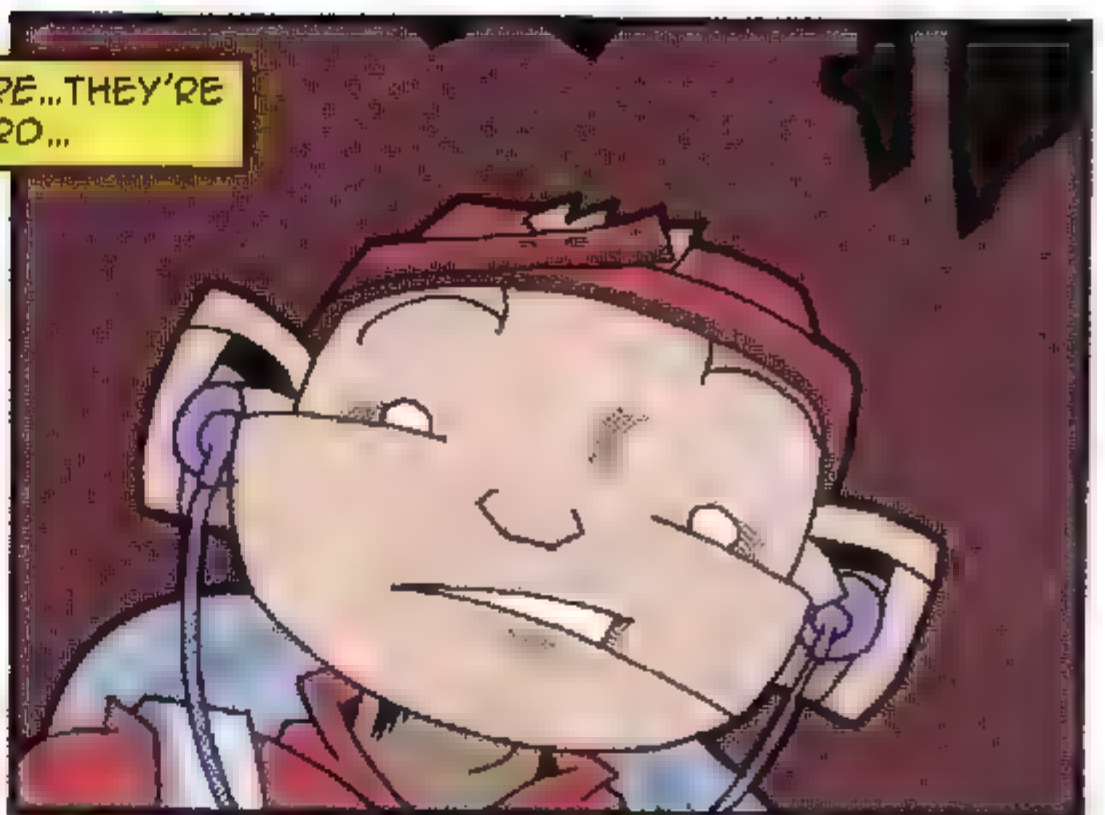
APPARENTLY NOT.

FOR THEY'RE HERE...THEY'RE ALL HERE, RICHARD...

...EVERY SINGLE PERSON YOU MURDERED ON THAT BUS IS HERE, RICHARD...

...AND BECAUSE ALL THE WOUNDS YOU RECEIVED WILL QUICKLY HEAL, THEY CAN SHOW YOU HOW...GRATEFUL THEY ARE TO YOU FOR SENDING THEM HERE...

...FOREVER.









# THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Heh, heh! Greetings, kiddies, welcome to a quaint space-filling tradition called... a LETTERS PAGE. Nowadays, all we get in the mail are bills and ANTHRAX! Back in the day, fans sent letters opining on our terror yarns, and ranked which ones they liked and feared most! Well, "THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER" is back and open for business! Let's start with a couple of initial responses to the online preview of "Body of Work" by Marc Bilgrey and Mr. Exes...



Why, we want our demon graphics to appeal to all demographics, Phil! Now let's hear from some dead-heads who actually bought our premiere Papercutz monsterpiece...

Subject: TFTC art!

Wow, after seeing the art examples for your new Tales from the Crypt comic, all I can say is, "OUCH!" I am not commenting on the writing, as the art kept me from taking the time to read any of it. Perhaps you are trying to market this to young kids who have never come in contact with the original comics and reprints.

Regardless... all of the EC FanAddicts I have heard from feel that this stuff is really hard to look at. I have only seen the one artist that you have featured, and if this is the best you can come up with after being in the comics business for decades.... I suggest you go to the San Diego Comic Con and try to hire some "real" horror artist. Tomb Tales put out a similar product.... covers by real EC artists and interior pages that were hit and miss. It was a massive failure.

I can't say if you will do well with your product, but if you are counting on true EC fans to buy this stuff, you will probably be disappointed unless you invest in better art. The current art is too childish and the colorist should be painting circus wagons. Horror can be funny, but it needs to look scary.

Respectfully disappointed,  
Bill Leach, Editor/publisher  
Horror From The Crypt Of Fear

*So, Billy, you're not planning to join the Mr. Exes Fan Club, are you?*

Subject: Thanks for ruining one of the greatest horror comics of all time!

This has to be a joke, right? I was very much looking forward to the Tales from the Crypt comic. I looked at the preview art for the book and it's safe to say you destroyed any chance on it being redeeming. I won't be supporting this and I am quite angry another company didn't pick it up. What demographic are you trying to cater too?? Absurd!!!!!!

Phil Kozla

Subject: Great To See Tales From The Crypt Is Back.... From The Dead

Hey all, I must say I was ecstatic to hear that Tales From The Crypt was being resurrected for a whole new generation to enjoy. I, being a child of the 80's, was not able to enjoy the Crypt's initial run. I was only able to read reprints and watch the television series. That's why when I picked up my first issue of Tales From The Crypt I had a gleam of hope in my eye. I was going to read a Tales From The Crypt that hardly anyone had read yet. Whereas with the reprints nothing was new and exciting anymore because it had been poorly imitated numerous times over. It's just great knowing there is going to be new stories coming from my favorite ghouls, the Crypt-Keeper. Keep up the good work!

Pat  
Lockport, IL

*Thanks, Pat, for your kind thoughts!*

Subject: Tales from the Crypt

Hey and howdy. Just wanted to shoot you a quick double thumbs up on the release of Tales From The Crypt Issue #1 this week. Loved it. Absolutely, wholeheartedly loved it. Takes me back to the good old days of the original series. I had never gotten the opportunity to read them when they were released "live," but I certainly picked them up when I found out about them in later years. During my formative educational "hey, comics are cool" years.

How much did I love this issue? Well, I wrote a review and posted it online:

<http://notd.permutedpress.com/index.php?/archives/37-Tales-From-The-Crypt-Issue-1-pub-Papercutz.html>

Hope you like it.  
Zombie Zak

Love us or hate us, thanks to everyone who took the time and trouble to write us! Now tell us what you thought of our sickly sinister second issue. Send your letters to:

The Crypt-Keeper's Corner  
40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308  
New York, NY 10005

Or email your crazed commentaries to our egomaniacal editor at: [salicrup@papercutz.com](mailto:salicrup@papercutz.com).

That's all for now! Don't miss TALES FROM THE CRYPT #3-for more misunderstood madness and possibly even...a lunatic letter from YOU!



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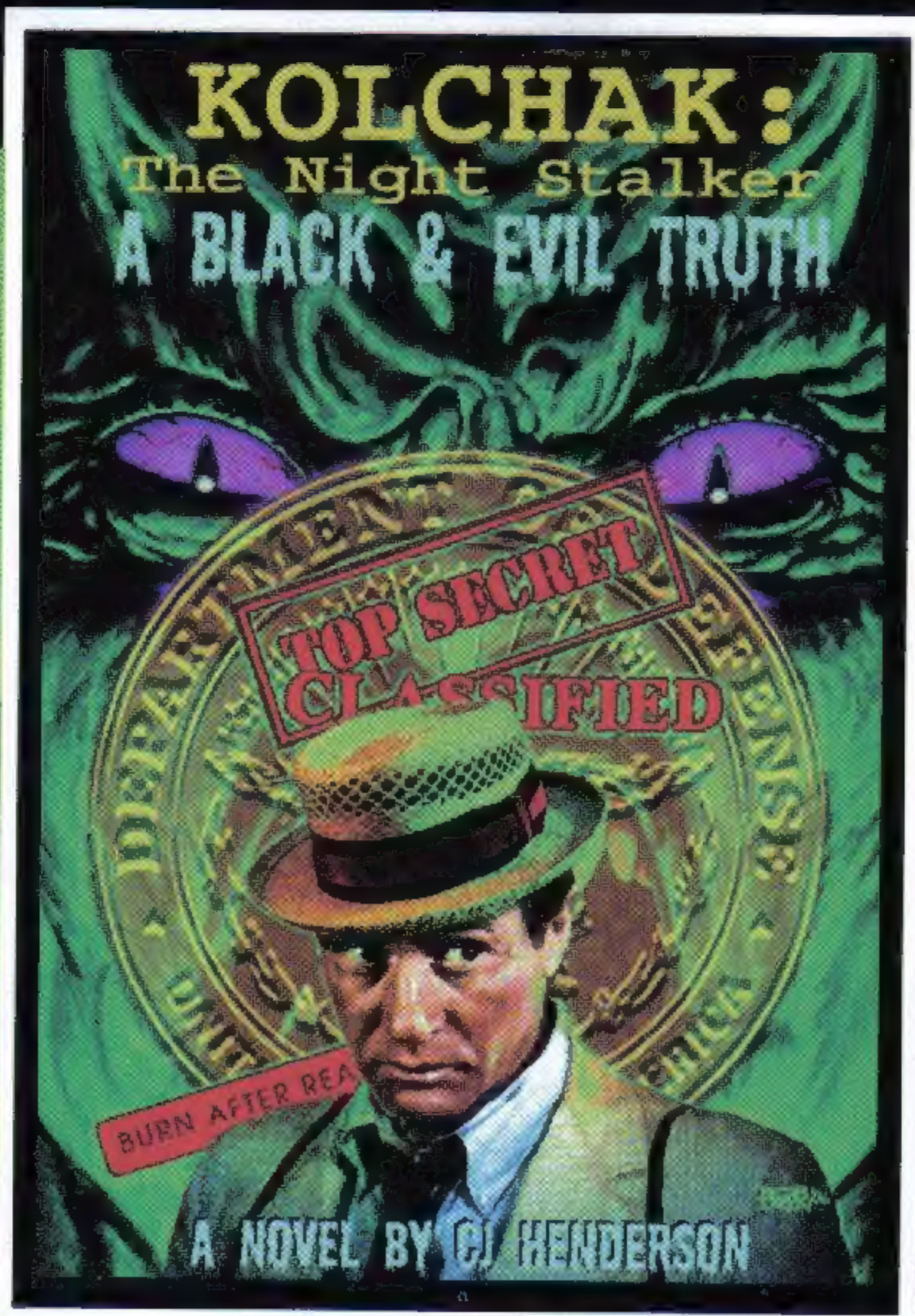
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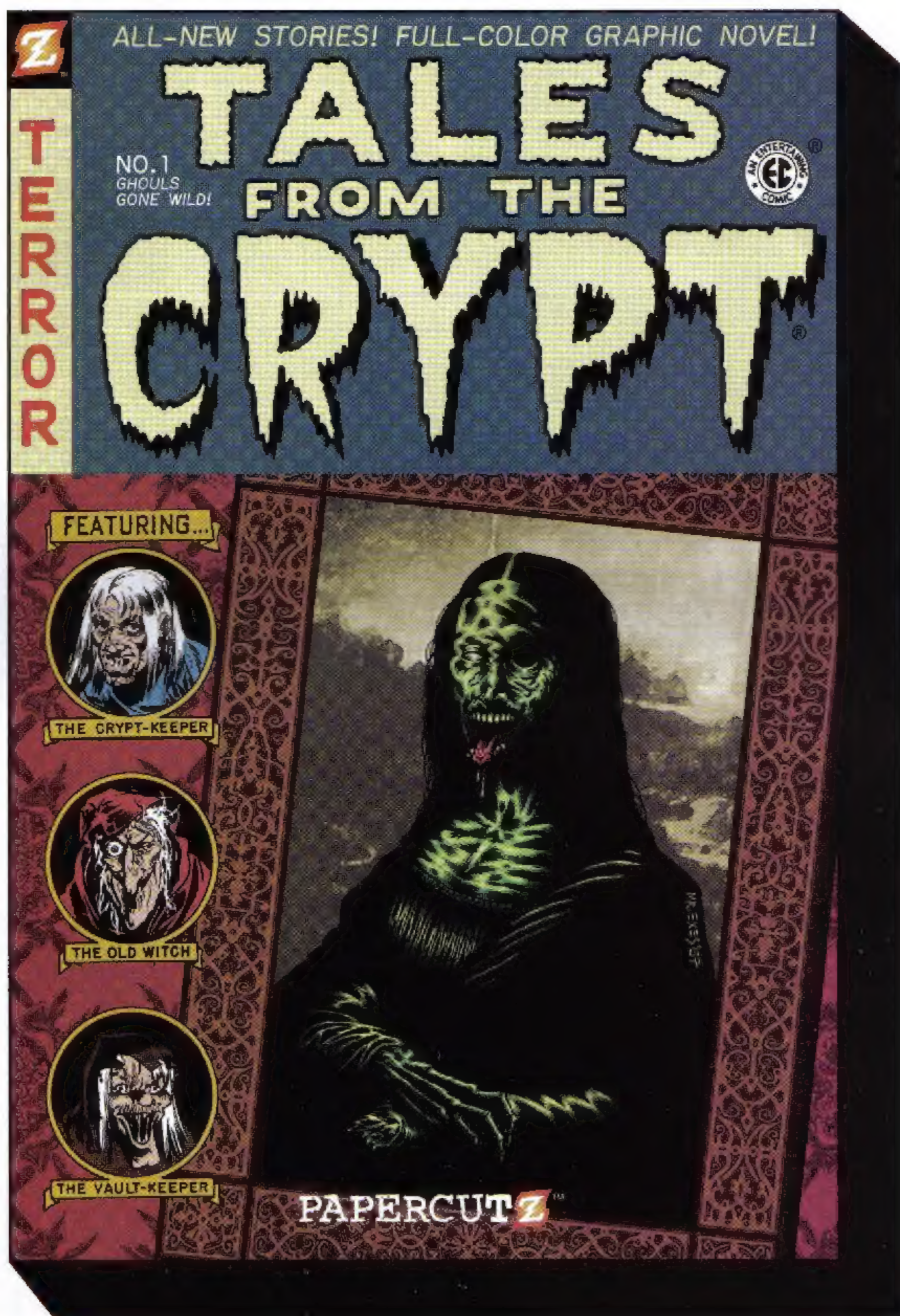
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